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# TLS

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**Hugh Kenner: the poetry of Austin Clarke**  
John Updike as reviewer  
**Felix Gilbert: Venice on the retreat**  
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Cover picture: Felix Vallotton's "Le Bain", a woodcut on vellum, is on show at the Marlborough Gallery, 39 Old Bond Street, London W1 until the end of January.

## The Furies of civil war

Peter Green

NICHOLAS GAGE  
Eleni  
470pp. Collins. £9.95.  
0002171473

In June 1948, rather than see the Communists turn her daughters into guerrilla fighters (*andartes*), and - more important - pack off her nine-year-old only son to some unspecified front in the country, as part of the mass deportation of children (*paidhomizoma*) from northern Greece, Eleni Gatzoyiannis organized their escape (and escape is the right word) from the frontier village of Lia, where all their life had been spent, through a tight network of patrols, minefields, and informers, into Nationalist-held territory. From here the children slowly made their way to the US, where their absentee father, a naturalized American citizen, was ready to take care of them. Eleni herself never made the break. She held on too long, waiting for one last daughter who had been conscripted for a harvest *corvée*. The Communist authorities, furious at such a blow to their propaganda and discipline - several other villagers had got away at the same time - arrested Eleni (known, because of her husband, as "the Amerikan"), and, after prolonged interrogation and torture, subjected her to a mockery of a public trial, the outcome of which had been decided in advance by Constantine Koliyannis, the political commissar for Epirus. On August 28, 1948, she, and a dozen other prisoners, were taken out to a mountain ravine and shot. Their bodies were unceremoniously covered with loose rocks. By September the village was in Nationalist hands, and in August 1949, with the capture of the Communists' last stronghold on Mt Vitsi, the shooting at last stopped. The nine-year-old Nikola Gatzoyiannis, so miraculously saved by his mother's sacrifice, grew up to be the author of this book.

The Greek civil war had lasted, with brief and deceptive interludes, from 1943 to 1949. Presumably would argue that, in a covert sense, it is not over yet, despite amnesties, repatriation of exiles, the abolition of the monarchy (one major bone of contention), the victory of a socialist government, and, above all, the expiry of the thirty-year general Greek statute of limitations on all crimes, murder included. When Constantine Karamanlis returned to power in 1974 after the collapse of the colonels'

junta, he called - being a realist, with no great optimism - for a moratorium on the past. By the past he meant, as everyone was well aware, not merely the dictatorship itself (now known, by a characteristic Greek euphemism, as the *epistata*, or "seven-year period"), but the whole long-drawn, polarized conflict of which it had formed the latest manifestation. The oblivion (*lethe*) for which he called was never remotely in sight. Greeks, like Irishmen, have an exceptional talent for what they call *mnese-kakia*, the remembrance of ancient wrongs, and always have had, as the *Oresteia*, with its dreadful pursuing Furies, eloquently testifies. The civil war of 1943-49 bred its own Furies, and furnished material in abundance that would rankle in countless hearts for ever. It was, in every sense, internecine and intestine: the second epithet seems peculiarly appropriate for a conflict that reputedly had more than its share of disembowelments. The violence of sectarian hatred was matched by a horrific, and widespread, indulgence in torture and execution, of civilians as well as combatants, more often than not in the name of freedom or justice, and accompanied by third-rate rhetoric either ethnic or ideological, according to conviction.

To an ancient historian there cannot fail to be a strong sense of *déjà vu* about this whole tragic episode. It is, of course, clear that the strongest immediate precipitant of brutality, and dissolution of civilized restraints, was the appalling German occupation of Greece, when, as Nicholas Gage writes in *Eleni*, "Athens became a nightmare landscape of skeletal figures with bellies swollen, shuffling hopelessly in search of food, falling dead and lying unburied in the streets", when cholera and typhus raged, when 300,000 perished of starvation in two months, when graves were desecrated by human jackals hunting for rings or gold teeth with which to buy bread on the black market. Whole villages were decimated to discourage the Resistance; atrocities (including mutilation) were common. Everyone learnt from the Nazis. Yet there had been other precedents. "War, by removing the easy provision of daily needs, schools men in violence, so that most people's temper comes to match their circumstances." That is the judgment of Thucydides, musing on the nature of revolution in the fifth century ac. He talks of appalling revenges carried out under the guise of politics, of blood-loyalties that are eclipsed by party allegiances, of competing slogans such as "equality" and "the prudent rule of the

best". "The violent hothead was always trusted, his opponent suspect." Unjust sentences, even atrocities, were used to pay off old scores, and "those who contrived to wrap up their disgusting acts in fine specious language enjoyed the best reputation." To place *Eleni* in perspective, to understand the impact of that later revolution which drove Greeks in our lifetime to beat, starve, torture and kill one another by the thousand, it does no harm to refresh one's memory about *stasis* on Corcyra. These things have happened before.

The resemblances, here and elsewhere, between ancient and modern *stasis* are so striking that it would be a mistake to see the events of 1943-49 as wholly anomalous, produced by the unprecedented pressures of modern totalitarianism and nothing else. Savagery in war has been a constant from Homer's day onward, and does not diminish in proportion to cultural achievement: it was the ultra-civilized Athenians who committed modified genocide (*andrapodismos*) against the inhabitants of Melos. The vendetta, an institution against which Periclean rationalists vainly promoted the rule of law, in literature as in life, still flourishes in parts of Greece to this day. That famous Delphic motto, "Nothing too much", was clearly coined as a warning to overreachers in a country where passionate excess too often remains the norm. The most perennial element of all - and one skillfully exploited by German wartime intelligence officers, many of them with a classical education - was that notorious, partiality of Greeks for fighting each other rather than the external enemy: Spartans and Athenians, Achaeans and Aeolians, not to mention the fissile groups of left and right within each individual city. Seen in this context the murderous feuding of rival Communist and Nationalist wartime guerrillas makes a good deal more sense.

It is sometimes hard to remember that until the nineteenth century Greece, as a country, had no political existence, let alone unity. Greeks might (as Herodotus knew) share a common language, religion and culture that set them above the *barbaroi*, but their political experience had been for the most part limited to bickering inter-city feuds, brittle alliances, brief moments of imperialism, and fumbling attempts at federation, followed by long centuries of subjection to various foreign powers. The nearest they came to independent unity was as part of the Byzantine empire based on Constantinople, and their main legacies from

that era were a strangling bureaucracy and the Orthodox Church.

Nikola Gatzoyiannis, now Nicholas Gage (there already being a literary Nikos Gatsos on the books) is an exceptionally intelligent man. The metamorphosis of that ragged Greek village urchin from the mountains into the sophisticated American author of *Eleni* is in itself a minor miracle, of which the reader is conscious, again and again, as Nicholas skillfully retrieves from the past bright momentary flashes of Nikola's circumscribed vision. Like Thucydides, like Polybius, he was caught up in the convulsions of Balkan history, had his life radically changed as a result, and spent long years in exile from his native soil trying to make sense of the events that overwhelmed him. The comparison is not entirely hyperbolic, especially as regards intention and method. Like his two ancient predecessors, Mr Gage - a seasoned investigative reporter with degrees from Boston and Columbia - believes strongly in the virtues of oral evidence from eye-witnesses, and his work of recall (a miniature Pearl Harbor tape-recorder strapped to one leg under his trousers when interviewing the shifty or recalcitrant) impresses throughout by its thoroughness, its accuracy, and the refusal to accept evidence not independently confirmed by at least two witnesses. On the other hand (again like Thucydides, whom here he is consciously emulating) he has been ready, when given the bare bones of a conversation, to flesh it out dramatically, to "put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them". Still more controversially, "to bring characters in the book to life, I have sometimes described their thoughts and feelings as well as their actions."

Now I would at once concede that, having decided to traverse this treacherous grey no-man's-land between history and historical fiction, Gage has done the job about as honestly and responsibly as was humanly possible. "Most of the thoughts of Eleni and others who are dead were deduced from things they said to surviving relatives and friends", he assures us, and adds that in cases where no information was available - eg. the last images Eleni saw before her execution - "I went to the actual sites and tried to imagine myself in her place." Even so, there remain passages where one instinctively asks oneself: "How can he possibly know that?" While in solitary confinement, after days of torture, Eleni watched, through the bars of her window, the brutal beating of a

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# The claims of sensuality

Hugh Kenner

GREGORY A. SCHIRMER  
The Poetry of Austin Clarke  
167pp. Portlaoise: Dolmen Press. £12.  
085105 4080

Austin Clarke had not charm like an O'Faolain, nor had he a Flann O'Brien's don't-really-mean-it humour, nor yet a Joyce's skill to impose and mesmerize. Those were three ways to be Irish and visible and yet not need the endorsement of W. B. Yeats, who conspicuously did not endorse Austin Clarke. No one knows why not; Yeats endorsed far lesser talents. And, anti-clerical that he was, he ought to have applauded Clarke's valiant twirlings on clerical flypaper. Gregory A. Schirmer thinks the cause of their disaffection "is likely lost forever in the mists of Dublin literary gossip", that tedious tangle.

Yeats's disapprobation, anyhow, kept Clarke nearly invisible till late in a long life (1896-1974). One major critic, Donald Davie, commenced promoting him as early as 1956. Augustine Martin later took him up. Other discerners concurred. By the year he died his cause had advanced to the extent of a big *Collected Poems*, from which Thomas Kinsella has since made a good *Selected*. Still, Clarke's name does not spring even now to most minds that list Irish Poets. Nor, having been discovered in his time of preoccupation with local and topical satires, has he figured on lists of the poets bottled for export. Kinsella remarks how the late work may leave us at sea for want of just the right cutting, from the *Irish Times* perhaps. Yes, that's a frequent difficulty.

So as Clarke's first advocate to perform at book length, Schirmer has a difficult client. His procedure is sensible, plodding, accurate. Clarke, he reminds us, stated his main themes early. Natural sensuality versus Irish Christianity was a conflict that had sent him, young, to the madhouse, where so many Irish do time. The sarcasms of his sixties make blatant what was already present in the poems of *Platymage* (1933) and *Night and Morning* (1942): the sensual world's claims against the ascetic abstract. On a holy day when sails were blowing southward a bishop sang the Mass at Inishmore. Men took one side, their wives were on the other. But I heard the woman coming from the shore: And wild in despair my parents cried aloud For they saw the vision draw me to the doorway . . .

## Inscriptions and snapshots

Douglas Dunn

GEORGE MACKAY BROWN  
Voyages  
48pp. Chatto and Windus/Hogarth Press.  
Paperback, £3.95.  
07011 27368

EDWIN MORGAN  
Grants/Takes  
56pp. The Marlscot Press, 3 Marlscot Road,  
Glasgow, G41 4ND. £3.  
0946588 007

The contrast between George Mackay Brown and Edwin Morgan is not just one of extremes in Scottish poetry demonstrated conveniently in two poets roughly the same age, but of the attitudes and procedures in the poetry now being written. Brown's idealism is retrospective; fictionalizing a place and its meaning through an affectionate exploration of history which he holds up like cupped treasure in the hands, and as an offering to the residual innocence of his native Orkney Islands. His craft is insipid, where Morgan's, following the sophistication of his outlook on reality, is photographic (historically, at least), fluid and urbane. Brown imagines the past, Morgan affixes the bizarre and plain realities of the present and the chances of the future. To read these two fine poets together is to sense a curious coexistence of the past with the present, combining to make the temporal confusion in which we live.

"The Straying Student", circa 1938; and hark how the stanza evades Sassanach expectation of a terminal rhyming "door".

For "doorway" echoes not only "more" and "shore" but the vowel of "day" and "sails"; this is an instance of assonantal patterning that does homage to eighteenth-century Gaelic bards. Notice also "side" and "wives", and the way "despair my parents" is enclosed between "wild" and "cried". To non-Irish ears, such effects can bespeak a rhymier's asceticism, withholding the strong final satisfaction. If I phrase this as though the effect had sexual overtones, it's never fanciful to discern those in Clarke:

See! See, as from a lathe  
My polished body turning!  
He bares me at the waist  
And now blue clothes uncurl  
Upon white haunch. I let  
The last bright stitch fall down  
For him as I lean back.  
Straining with longer arms  
Above my head to snap  
The silver knots of sleep.

Masterly, the progression from "lathe" through "turning" to the glimpse "uncurl" presents, of shavings just formerly intimated with the smooth turning wood; but though "sleep" is consonantly kin to "snap", its vowels don't effect epigrammatic closure but instead listen back to the stanza's opening "See!" Yes, Yeats, with his love of *ottava rima*'s finalities - "Think where man's glory most begins and ends / And say my glory was I had such friends" - may have thought such habits perverse. But they typify Clarke.

Though he based them on Irish usages, notably on the assonance he once said "takes the clapper from the bell of rhyme", he deployed them in idiomatic modern English, where they enact repeatedly a deflection, a deprivation. He can make the last stanza of "Martha Blake at Fifty-One" turn like a pinwheel on the word "jazz", while letting us hear "idea" rhyming with "diarrhoea" far better than "priest" rhymes with "peace".

His types of ambiguity are uncounted. Here's "Penal Law":  
Burn Ovid with the rest. Lovers will find  
A hedge-school for themselves and learn by heart  
All that the clergy banish from the mind.  
When hands are joined and head bows in the dark.

Clarke's occasion, Schirmer records, was the Censorship Act of 1928 ("Burn Ovid with the rest"). For the connection between penal laws and hedge-schools, see any history of Ireland. Today's lovers, like the eighteenth century's

suppressed Catholics, meet in secret places behind hedges; there hands join and heads incline the way hands meet in prayer and head bows in a darkened confessional. And note the antithesis between "heart" and "mind"; also, Schirmer bids us, the title's echo of "penile".  
"I load myself with chains and try to get out of them": that was how Clarke told Robert Frost what kind of poetry he wrote. ("Good Lord!" said Frost. "You can't have many readers.") But that is precisely why his potential



readership is not restricted to the people who must chafe against Irish censorship, Irish clerical nay-saying.

His protest wasn't facile, least so when it seems to be. He made poems, not reducible to what they "say", so endlessly nuanced they say more than they seem to: say (what easy ye-saying won't concede) that the spirit too has its claims, to be validly pressed against the claims of the much-attested flesh. Man is risen, the way Clarke's verses are pulled between assonantal intricacy and full-blooded rhyme. The opportunities of his pun-rhymes, even, assert a cosmos tainted with facility. Yes, you can rhyme (as he does in "New Liberty Hall") "pagoda" with "go da".

On top, a green pagoda  
Has glorified cement.  
Umbrella'd the sun. Go, da  
And shiver in your tenement.

Even the Inn you built  
To bustle about the work  
Of welcome and keeping is vanished,  
William and Mareon Clark.

It is an elegy in which the poem becomes the only monument to the past persons it commemorates. Brown's work gives the impression of trying to make an Orkney of words, a way of life recorded as a reminder for the future, perhaps a possible inheritance. Old-fashioned carved simplicities, like its Christianity, are part of its incorrigible elegiac energy, as well as its attractiveness and decency. He is the least cynical of poets.

*Grants/Takes* is two books in one. Turn it over, then upside down, and it becomes another, complete with title page, publishing data and table of contents. It is a neat, possibly cute device with which to amuse library cataloguers, but it is also in keeping with the wit of Morgan's poetry. Much of his work takes off from an instigational gimmick or idea, the sensational or inventive contemporaneity of which is usually overtaken by his seriousness. "Grants", for example, is a sequence "based on fragments from abandoned poems by Michael Schmidt." Were the poems less interesting, the method - for a start, one wants to ask "Why?" - would look distinctly weird. "They grew round the fragments," Morgan writes, "which were kept intact but might appear in any part of the completed poem. There was no collaboration; I merely used the alien material as if the lines (as often happens) had suddenly floated into my head." I suppose the authenticity of the project depends on how literally you accept that figurative "we [I]."

You can do it as readily as they poured that cement, to tempt your reader with a sown triumph: a cheap rhyme for a cheap edifice. There's fruit, such bitter jocularities hint, that is rightly forbidden.

But not this, a 1925 pastiche from the Gaelic tradition:

Boys tripped from the drink  
And caught them into sixteen-handed reels  
And grabbing hold of bolder wenches, big  
Of bone, with coarse red hair, shouting, clapping,  
A guinea hand upon those buttocks loud  
And shapely as a mare's, they danced them off  
Their feet . . .

Nor this, a 1963 version from eighteenth-century Gaelic:

Lucky the husband  
Who puts his hand beneath her head.  
They kiss without scandal  
Happiest two near feather-bed.  
He sees the tumble of brown hair  
Unplait, the breasts, pointed and bare . . .

There was more than asceticism, more than animal spirits too, in that ancient and persisting tradition, a tradition Clarke was at pains to reclaim in its perplexing wholeness. Ships, sails, and glinting waves are part of his shorthand for a lost time when life could be whole though not wholly easy.

It is here that we meet him on familiar ground. Irish writers since the 1880s, always excepting Joyce, have cherished and reshaped their single myth, of a long-ago good time lost. The date of the Fall of Ireland gets disputed. Was it when the English came? When the Christians came? At twenty-four Yeats imagined an Oisín who preferred hell with the heroes to St Patrick's heaven. But Yeats had no Irish, only rumours of what the old Irish cycles contained, to guide his fancies of a past attem with kings and queens and defiance and horsemen. Clarke, who knew Irish, knew that such fancied pasts were facile.

Mr Schirmer is nowhere more apt than in adducing Thomas MacDonagh, whose *Literature in Ireland*, based on lectures Clarke attended, appeared a month after the Rising squad's bullets of post-Easter 1916 had cut down his author. MacDonagh had no notion of those who envisaged a paradise of English and revived Gaelic. No, he imagined an Irish literature to come, in an English mode other by the Gaelic strain. Clarke's English, too, his Gaelic passions made other, not to lend a charming lilt but to help it enact his rage against the revolution's triumph: law endorsing merely the bite of Irish "no" into the ancient nape of Irish vigour.

The rule is  
down; dawn was a morning moon. There is no rule  
besides exception, and the heart.

It is tempting to see (that last sentence is delectably aphoristic in summing up what Morgan's poetry is about. However, it could be part of the poem's tease, or of the strategy of the sequence as a whole, that you cannot be sure of the line is Morgan's or Schmidt's. Does it matter where lines come from? Unduly Romantic as it may sound, I suspect that it does. On the other hand, wherever odd passages here and there came from, poems like "Resistance", "Midwinter", "Encounter" and "Testament" read as among Morgan's best.

"Take" is a supplement to Morgan's lengthy sequence of *Instantaneous Poems* of about ten years ago, and is based on items of news in papers and magazines. Whether as "amazing tales" of quotidian sensations, they enforce his attitude to reality as a resource of exceptions: dead Polish immigrant surrounded by the phantasm of vampire prevention ("Shakespeare", Trent, January 1973); the "magic kingdom" of Mickey Mouse; a "video artist's latest work" which "fingerwags reality"; Uruguayan rough players reduced to cannibalism in the Andes after a plane crash; a horrible film about Dental Hospital being fitted with plastic beds; replacement; a middle-aged German precision instrument mechanic who behaves himself with a homemade, perfectly tuned guillotine; and so on. Morgan is too discreet an artist to fingerwag reality with any overt showing of hand, but "Takes", like "Grants", chooses an insipid common sense and the medium of those immersed in prosaic reality.

# The devotional cul-de-sac

Charles Hope

PETER HUMFREY  
Cima da Conegliano  
432pp. with black-and-white illustrations.  
Cambridge University Press. £60.  
0521 23266 X

The artistic world of Venice around 1500 is still in many ways mysterious. In the case of Giovanni Bellini and his followers, including Cima and Carpaccio, the major problem is not one of dating or attribution, as it is with Giorgione and his associates; what is lacking is evidence about the personalities and ideals not only of the painters themselves, but also of their patrons. Written sources of a kind that might help here, for example informal letters, simply do not survive; nor do we possess anecdotal material such as Vasari provides in abundance for the Florentines of this period; and it is clear that Florence, where innovation was always admired, and artists were expected to develop distinctive personal styles and to compete with one another, does not provide a particularly illuminating parallel.

Vasari's famous story about Perugino is exemplary: criticized in his later years for repeating himself, he could not understand why the Florentines were no longer satisfied with the type of picture that had pleased them in the past. The point, of course, was that Perugino remained a provincial, out of touch with the attitudes of his metropolitan colleagues. He had much more in common with a Venetian such as Cima, Cima, whose career extended from about 1486 to 1517, became the most successful painter in Venice apart from Bellini, with more than twenty altarpieces to his credit, as well as a large number of smaller devotional pictures.

Cima's style, an intelligent amalgam of ideas derived from Bellini and Antonello da Messina, changed very little, and on occasion he even prepared simply to repeat Bellini's own

compositions. But the consistently high quality of his altarpiece paintings, his sensitivity to light and landscape, and the tranquil, elevated mood of his figures make him much more than a mere hack. While Cima himself was in many respects typical of the Venetian artists of his generation, he lived to see the emergence of a new group of painters led by Giorgione, whose style was quite unlike his own and whose aspirations seem to have had much more in common with those of the Florentines. How and why this came about is one of the most contentious problems in the history of Renaissance art. Cima's career is therefore of interest not only because his own paintings are so consistently beautiful, but also because they seem to be so representative of Venetian taste just before it was radically transformed.

Peter Humfrey's impressive monograph tells us more or less everything that we are likely to discover about Cima, unless a large group of documents quite fortuitously comes to light. It is the most thorough account of his life and work that has so far appeared; and the catalogue, which is particularly notable for the discussion of the physical condition of the paintings, is among the best that exist for any Venetian artist of the Renaissance. There is also an intelligent and unusually well-written introduction, in which Humfrey provides a convincing, if in most respects traditional, account of the artist's development, with informative sections on his workshop, patrons and place in the wider history of Venetian painting.

Humfrey's conclusion that "Cima's art represents a *cul-de-sac*" would be hard to dispute. Even in the very late paintings, produced after the death of Giorgione, the innovations of the younger artists were scarcely exploited, while the influence of Cima himself on the next generation was equally marginal. In this context Humfrey is surely right to reject the idea that Cima's mythological paintings were important precedents for Giorgione, even though some of these were evidently produced as early as the 1490s. Less convincing is his suggestion that such pictures, together with various de-

corative features in the altarpieces of the same decade, indicate that Cima was in contact with Venetian humanists. The use of *all'antica* architectural decoration in the altarpieces may be no more than the artist's response to a rather widespread practice in contemporary Venetian art; nor is there any good reason to suppose that in Venice, any more than in Florence, a taste for small mythological panel paintings, presumably used to decorate furniture, was in any significant way related to an interest in humanism on the part either of the artist or of the patron.

What emerges most strongly from the evidence that Humfrey provides is the gulf that separates Cima from Giorgione and his circle. Not only were their stylistic ideals entirely different, they also worked for different publics. Whereas Titian, for example, was employed from the outset of his career by members of prominent patrician families, Cima never seems to have had a patron from this class. It is significant, too, that his work was not represented in any of the collections visited by Marcantonio Michiel in the 1520s and 1530s, although these contained many pictures by both Giorgione and Titian. Finally, Cima is not known to have painted a single independent portrait, a type of picture conspicuous in the output of the younger artists.

These facts deserve more prominence than Humfrey has given them. It is likely, indeed, that far from being indifferent to the work of Cima and his contemporaries, Giorgione and his patrons were explicitly reacting against it. With Giorgione, after all, we encounter a new phenomenon in Venetian art, a painter working principally for private collectors, drawing on a predominantly secular repertoire of subjects and using a revolutionary technique that allowed him to depict natural effects of a kind never seen before in painting, such as storms and moonlight. Such evidence as we have suggests that much of the appeal of his work lay in its novelty and distinctiveness. Thus when Baldassare Castiglione, in a section of *Il Cortegiano* probably written about 1514, needed ex-

amples of painters with very different styles, each perfect in its own way, he cited Giorgione, along with Leonardo, Mantegna, Michelangelo and Raphael. This passage occurred in the context of a discussion of literature, and a little later Castiglione associated the development of a personal style with *ingenium*, inborn talent. At that period artistic performance was routinely assessed in terms of *ingenium* and *ars*, acquired skill; and it is tempting to suppose that to a collector a picture like Giorgione's "Tempesta" was desirable precisely because it was so obviously the product of *ingenium*, whereas the works of Cima failed to appeal because the traditional compositions and painstakingly detailed rendering of the natural world were seen as belonging primarily to the province of *ars*.

It is significant that in the collections visited by Michiel even Giovanni Bellini was represented mainly by portraits. There were only two examples of his most popular types of picture for domestic settings - compositions showing the Madonna and Child - and both seem to have been relatively early works. From Michiel's notes, indeed, it would appear that conventional Venetian devotional imagery was not regarded as an object for aesthetic enjoyment. Nor does the new style of Giorgione seem to have been thought appropriate for this type of painting: Giorgione, the young Titian and Sebastiano all produced an unusually high proportion of paintings with secular subjects, and even the religious themes that they illustrated did not for the most part belong to the standard Venetian repertoire. This could, of course, be one reason why Cima took so little from their work even at the end of his life. What has still to be explained, however, is why Venetians came to regard the formula for devotional paintings established by Bellini and Antonello in the 1470s as uniquely appropriate to its function. Now that the career of Cima, who played such a central role in the diffusion of such imagery, has been so ably studied, we are better equipped to tackle this more general problem.

## The pop-eyed magus

Martin Kemp

RALPH STEADMAN  
I, Leonardo  
117pp. with colour illustrations. Cape. £9.95.  
024019163

Illuminating the world of the great artists has not, thank goodness, become the sole prerogative of professional scholars. A piece of fiction may illuminate ways in which the creative process intersects with the complex tangle of events which make up our daily lives, including those apparently insignificant moments of chance - a fortuitous meeting, a misplaced word, an unrecognized opportunity - which have momentous consequences. These are what Ralph Steadman's autobiographical *I, Leonardo* describes as "the connections of pure chance that form a framework like a spider's web."

If the historian may claim to be working upwards towards the creative process from the surviving documentation and works of art, the fictional recreator may claim to go further, seeking to build centrifugally towards the works of art from an imaginative conception of the artist's inner life. And it is this further goal which Steadman pursues by means of blending Leonardo's psyche with his own. The Leonardo who emerges from the illustrations is perceptibly different from the Leonardo of the text. The illustrated Leonardo is a man of meat and bone, with popping eyeballs and marmalade hair, a beserk cross between Merlin, Don Quixote and Heath Robinson, with more than a hint of Snoozle Durante's Uncle Louis. While a rumbustious cast of Rabelaisian grotesques, he inhibits mock-Medieval and Renaissance stage sets which share more with Walt Disney than with Brunelleschi. This Leonardo is all angle and anger: Steadman's is relentlessly Northern, standing in line with the best of Grünewald, Bosch and Bruegel. At its best, his scratch and splat style is a savagely which makes Steadman look

domesticated, but in the more finished and spacious manner adopted for this book it loses a good deal of its cutting edge.

Steadman's other Leonardo speaks in a flat mixture of scriptwriter's "Renaissance-speak" and translations of Leonardo's own notebooks. It is disconcerting to find laboured archaizing such as "the peasants are much concerned with nature's abundance", and glaring anachronisms like "aesthetic presence". Frequent recourse to "but I digress" testifies to Steadman's failure to weld the material into a coherent whole.

Errors are legion. For example, Michelangelo never began painting in the Council Hall, and could not in any case have worked in the illustrated hall, which was designed by Vasari over half a century later. Some of the errors affect major aspects of the Freudian undercurrent which runs through the "autobiography". All the available evidence suggests that Leonardo was brought up in the family home in Vinci, even if Ser Piero was increasingly forced away by his burgeoning career in Florence. Even "spiritual" recreation of an actual artist's inner life must be more valid when it can be reconciled with known circumstances of his career.

This is not to say that there are no felicitous fictions in *I, Leonardo*. I particularly liked the replica of the artist's upright thumb travelling disembodied along the track of a perspective machine; and the fray of newly baked gingerbread men in akimbo poses of Vitruvian figures; even the harvesting of Savonarola's genitals by the whirling blades of Leonardo's reaping machine was enjoyable. But it must be said that neither Leonardo, nor the best of Steadman is recognizable in this book.

R. M. Burch's comprehensive study, *Colour Printing and Colour Printers*, originally published in 1910, is re-issued with an introduction by Ruari McLean (281pp Edinburgh: Paul Harris Publishing. £18. 086228 012 5). The second edition does not, however, reproduce the original colour plates which exemplified the various processes described in the text.

## ROBERT GRAVES

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## Medically involved

### Arthur Hutchings

FRANCIS CARR  
Mozart and Constanze  
186pp. John Murray. £9.50.  
07195 40917

Reliable witnesses disarm incredulity about Mozart the prodigy aged five; equally incontrovertible evidence elicits wonder at Mozart aged thirty-five. How do we reconcile his increasing physical afflictions and financial distress with his artistic output during that last year of his short life? Post-war studies by Einstein, Deutsch and Schenk avoid naive correspondences between music and the passing conditions of the composer's "mind, body or estate", but they accept explanations of misfortune that are questioned by their readers. Francis Carr's fascinating book *Mozart and Constanze* probes two mysteries which are surely related - Mozart's heaving letters to masonic brothers, and the covert obsequies of a man so admired. Examining neglected evidence Carr assembles clues without claiming final solutions.

There were legacies for Mozart and for Constanze from Leopold Mozart, who died less than four years before his son. The begging began after the Prague triumphs (*Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*), after the commissions for Baron van Swieten's "academies", the success of *Così fan tutte*, and Joseph II's court appointment with, as Carr says, "a salary twice that of Haydn's from Prince Esterházy". The pitiful letters deliberately avoid naming the cause of distress. To Puchberg on July 12, 1789: Great God! I could not wish my worst enemy to be in my present state. If you, most beloved friend and brother, forsake me, we are altogether lost, both my unfortunate and blameless self, and my poor sick wife and child....Owing to my illness I have been prevented from earning....

And from the same letter:

Now that my dear little wife seems to be improving I could begin work if this blow, this heavy blow, had not fallen....I am faced with misfortune of another kind, though only for the moment....You know both the good and the bad prospects of my situation. The bad is temporary; the good will certainly persist....If this illness had not befallen me I should not have been obliged to beg so shamelessly.

What blow? What illness? We do not know and Carr cannot tell us, but plainly Mozart's chief fear is revealed in a letter of March 1790: "You know my present circumstances. Were they to become known they would damage my application to the Court (for the Kapellmeisterhip). How necessary it is that they should remain secret." Scandal may have arisen through his infatuation with his piano pupil, Magdalena Hofmeier, the beautiful wife of a court official who (after Mozart's death) wounded her, but not her baby, and then killed himself.

Carr is cautious, mentioning neither adultery nor blackmail. He has the acumen to bring Constanze into his focus, whereas the musicographers make no comment upon her destruction and censorship of documents nor upon a significant omission in the second edition of Jahn's *W.A. Mozart*. They also ignored Schurig's short study of Constanze (Dresden, 1922). "In the biography of Mozart by her second husband, Georg Nissen, we read with astonishment that Mozart produced four children and that if there were a few flirtations she gladly overlooked them....Who was the last? There were six children. The fifth died soon after its delivery; the last was born a fortnight before the usual nine months' conception having 'probably occurred' when Mozart was in Germany. His first two names, Franz Xaver, were those of St. Ignace, the pupil aged twenty, four who 'slept in the same room as Constanze both in Vienna and Baden'. Carr notices that on more than one occasion Mozart wrote telling his wife that she might remain in Baden if she so wished. The driving agent in Carr's investigation is the question: "Did she love him?"

Vincenzo Novello was disappointed that Madame Nissen did not speak with any warm affection for her first husband and that she disliked both her sons. She broke the death mask with which she had been presented. She ordered an imposing monument for Nissen's grave but could not be persuaded to discover Mozart's. "The story that she threw herself on

his bed in order to become infected came years later from Constanze herself... and there is no other indication that Mozart's illness was infectious." The belief in kidney disease is helped by the bulging eyes of the Lange portrait but the death certificate mentions only "heated military fever". Van Swieten took charge of the obsequies and was responsible for their haste and near-secrecy. What follows here concerning Mozart's illness is necessarily extracted from the pages which testify to Carr's consultation of medical men or books. He convinces us that the possibility of poisoning should not be ignored, though the story perpetuated by Rimsky-Korsakov's *Mozart and Salieri* is utterly unlikely.

Mozart's medical history and final symptoms have led writers "to put forward no less than ten possible" killer diseases. Others may be added. Pneumonia often overtakes other complaints and induces a merciful coma. Few books quote exactly from the Novellas what they report from Mozart's utterance during a walk with Constanze in June 1791 - "Someone has given me aqua toffana". The concoction of white arsenic, antimony and lead oxide was named after its female inventor, a Sicilian murderer of several male victims. "It was well known in the eighteenth century as an effective way of killing with impunity, as the poison worked slowly, leaving symptoms that could be diagnosed as signs of natural ailments." Asking Sophie, Constanze's sister, to stay with him till the end, Mozart mentioned the taste of death. That could indicate mercury poisoning but "it must be pointed out that mercury... may damage the kidney and cause uraemic death. If Mozart had been poisoned his friends may have known why somebody wanted to kill him. If this involved secrets relating to his private life" they would try to suppress interest in his death and secure burial before an autopsy could be carried out. "Steps would also be taken to eliminate the possibility of an autopsy after exhumation."

The extent to which this review has perforce paraphrased Carr is an unforeseen compliment. Before he reaches the "mysteries" he grasps and maintains the reader's interest, but the tale, not the telling, is sensational. The caution, the impressive research and admirable sequence of chapters prove shrewd planning of heterogeneous materials which deserves praise from ardent Mozart thrivers whose eyebrows may be raised by some of Carr's hypotheses.

## Professionally speaking

### Jerrold Northrop Moore

ADRIAN BOULT  
Boult on Music  
196pp. Toccata Press, 3 Langley Court,  
London WC2E 9TY. £9.95 (paperback,  
£4.95).  
0917469 03'S

In our century, for the first time in history, the basic repertoire of "classical", "serious" music is not contemporary. The music which most people enjoy, and which is most performed, is predominantly of past times. One can argue endlessly about the meaning of this: does it portend the death of serious music? Is it the tribute to an extraordinary flowering of musical genius in the nineteenth century? Whatever the causes, there are many effects. One is the unprecedented attention given nowadays to performance practice, and to performers past and present. The latest contribution to this study is the present collection of observations by Sir Adrian Boult, extending over three decades from the 1930s to the 1960s.

A musician of Boult's eminence and longevity offers a natural focus for this interest. It would be fair to say that he gave, in his long career, as much musical pleasure to as many people as any performer in history. And there is the longevity itself: Sir Adrian had no personal memories of Brahms or Mahler, but he did carry intimate impressions of all the leading figures in the English musical renaissance - Purcell, Stanford, Elgar, Delius, Vaughan Williams, Holst, and virtually everybody, afterwards whose music still gives the broadest pleasure.

## Integrally operative

### Douglas Jarman

JANET SCHMALTZ  
Berg's Wozzeck: Harmonic Language and  
Dramatic Design  
281pp. Yale University Press. £29.  
0300027109

Few people other than musicologists (and few musicologists other than those specializing in the analysis of non-tonal music) will be familiar with the method of pitch-class set theory analysis employed in this book. Since, however, Janet Schmalzfeldt expresses the hope that her readers will include not only theoreticians but also those "who are simply drawn to the opera" a brief explanation of the basis of her analytical methods might be helpful.

Essentially, set theory analysis consists of reducing every chord and every articulated melodic or horizontal phrase in a non-tonal piece to a compact, unordered collection of notes. The pitch content of each collection can then be defined by a sequence of integers (irrespective of inversion, retrograde or any other aspect of the way in which the collection is compositionally presented in the music itself) and each collection can be distinguished by a code number, in the way that the type of chord in a tonal piece can be distinguished by a name - triad, diminished seventh, etc. This method of defining a collection, however, does far more than simply provide a convenient and uniform way of referring to what would otherwise have to be called such things as "pentachord A" or "tetrachord Y". Once a collection can be defined as a sequence of integers it becomes possible to investigate the properties of such collections, to determine how and to what extent different collections relate to one another and to reveal the intervallic, transpositional and inversional potential of a collection. Finally, adherents of the system claim, it becomes possible to make observations about structural relationships on the highest level and to draw general conclusions about the musical language of a work.

It is, as the publishers themselves admitted in a pre-publication hand-out, a "controversial methodology" and although pitch-class set theory has now become the generally accepted method of analysing non-tonal music in America (and, to a lesser extent, in Britain) it is not, as recent exchanges in the *Journal of the American Musicological Society* have demonstrated,

without its critics.

The more controversial aspects of set theory need not concern us too much here. Schmalzfeldt provides as good and lively an argument in favour of these assumptions as is possible and if, on one occasion, to speculate that Berg himself was aware that two different collections had the same interval vector because he had calculated the total interval content of each, she then goes on to offer the more plausible suggestion that he perhaps simply "heard the similarity". If the reader continues to doubt whether Berg or anyone else can hear this similarity between distinct collections it is not a doubt that need worry him unduly, for such controversial aspects of set theory play only a small role in Schmalzfeldt's analysis. When, in the final pages of the book, Schmalzfeldt reaches the seemingly daunting conclusion that the "fundamental pitch structure components" of *Wozzeck* can be "summarized in terms of the interaction of just three... sub-complex families" she is simply confirming, in set theory terms, the observations made by previous commentators who approached the musical language of the opera without having recourse to pitch-class set theory. At least two of these three "Kh families" are collections that have been discussed in earlier writings on the work.

The real contribution which this book makes to the literature on *Wozzeck* lies less in its attempts to arrive at some overall conclusion about the musical language of the opera than in the extent to which it provides a more detailed study than has previously been available of the motivic structure of many passages. On occasions the rather abstract approach seems to prevent the author from drawing attention to the more obvious compositional exploitation of some of the elements she discusses so that, for example, although the numerical relationship between the main motive of the opera and the chord which accompanies the first mention of the word "blood" is observed, the crucial passage in which this relationship is clearly and obviously demonstrated in the piece (when the one motive audibly merges into the other) passes unmentioned. On the other hand, however, Schmalzfeldt's fine discussion of the last scene of the opera is not only approachable but makes exciting reading; something that is rarely achieved in analytical writing on music. Even to those who are not confirmed believers in set theory, much of what the book has to offer is stimulating, provocative and valuable.

ling the music "over so faithfully that one could go away and think it out for oneself afterwards and not have another mind in between" - an ability highly valued in pre-gramophone days when most people's chances to hear any given work were few and far between. Or Bruno Walter's "sense of dedication" - "a great force, almost a moral force" - rare among performers, as Boult says, and not always conveyed by recordings.

His observations on the craft of conducting are similarly informed. "I can often feel an over-heavy accentuation and stodginess when a conductor insists on going on with a heavy up-and-down movement all through.... All the great conductors of the present day seem to demand a hundred per cent intensity from players all through every rehearsal. This may be necessary with the Latin and South European types who form the majority of American orchestras, but I am convinced that with the more cold-blooded, matter-of-fact British, Dutch and Scandinavian mentalities it is unnecessary - indeed, it is dangerous."

Here is the old professional speaking quality, sharing observations gathered over many years than most of us have lived. Nowhere there are repetitions from one place to another; this is partly the reflection of a mind and sensibility closely and strongly welded together. A few mistakes - such as giving Elgar's Jaeger the wrong Christian name - ought to have been put right. And at least one of Boult's interesting earlier writings ought to have been included. But here are wisdom and kindness - two qualities which all who know Adrian will instantly recognize.

## A republic on the retreat

### Felix Gilbert

FRANCES A. YATES  
Renaissance and Reform: The Italian  
Contribution  
Collected Essays, Volume 2  
273pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £15.95.  
07100 95309

DAVID WOOTTON  
Paolo Sarpi: Between Renaissance and Enlightenment  
192pp. Cambridge University Press. £20.  
0 521 23246 9  
BRIAN PULLAN  
The Jews of Europe and the Inquisition of  
Venice, 1550-1670  
348pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £25.  
0631 129790

Venice severely tests the moral command that we ought to look for the reality behind the appearances. When we remember the façades of the palaces mirrored in the waters of the canals, and the rhythmic arches of the Procuratie, it does not seem that knowledge can add to the enjoyment that our eyes provide.

However, historians can never entirely disown their provenance - the fact that history crept into the university curriculum as a sub-section of moral philosophy. The historian is concerned with the reality behind the appearances, and Venice is a fascinating and troubling object to this search. Not the Venice which competed with Pisa and Genoa for trade with the East and then conquered an empire, but the Venice of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a buffer state among expanding territorial powers, the sole republic among absolutist monarchies. Then it was praised as a lonely champion of toleration and a defender of freedom; John Adams still pointed to Venice as a model for the new republic on the other side of the ocean. But Venice was also condemned as a tyranny, in which, as Pierre complained in *Venice Preserved*, "Senators / Cheat the deluded people with a show / Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste off". Without knowing their accusers or their crimes men were thrown into dark dungeons under the dual palace and only a daring adventurer like Casanova was able to accomplish the almost impossible feat of escaping from these prisons.

Venice gained wide reputation as a guardian of freedom through its fight against the papal interdict in 1606. The interpretation which was given to this struggle in the writings of the state theologian, Paolo Sarpi - almost more than the fact of Venice's opposition to the pressure of the combined papal and Habsburg power - induced in Europe the view that the Protestant cause had gained an ally in Venice. The second volume of Frances Yates's *Collected Essays*, in which a number of her suggestive and diverting shorter pieces and reviews are republished, also contains her important study on Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent*, in which she explains why Sarpi became a well-known and popular figure in France and England. The almost a moral force - rare among performers, as Boult says, and not always conveyed by recordings.

His observations on the craft of conducting are similarly informed. "I can often feel an over-heavy accentuation and stodginess when a conductor insists on going on with a heavy up-and-down movement all through.... All the great conductors of the present day seem to demand a hundred per cent intensity from players all through every rehearsal. This may be necessary with the Latin and South European types who form the majority of American orchestras, but I am convinced that with the more cold-blooded, matter-of-fact British, Dutch and Scandinavian mentalities it is unnecessary - indeed, it is dangerous."

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religion ought to be eliminated from the organization of social life. Originally Christianity had turned away from the world, had been "profoundly anti-social"; in consequence of the conversion of Constantine, however, it had become a state religion. Since then an individual belonged to two different communities and social life became imbued with values which conflicted with the political and economic needs of society. Church and religion ought to be entirely divorced from political and social activities.

Wootton's analysis of Sarpi's fundamental aim is based on manuscripts containing aphorisms on philosophical, moral and religious subjects which have only recently been discovered. They belong to the period when Sarpi, after his return from Rome in disgust with what he had seen at the Curia, was in close contact with the leaders of intellectual life in Venice and Padua, met Giordano Bruno and became the friend and collaborator of Galileo. Gaetano and Luisa Cozzi, editors of the modern edition of Sarpi's works, believe that his philosophical concerns receded when, in the course

Cozzi entitled his book on Sarpi, *Paolo Sarpi, tra Venezia e l'Europa* (Sarpi between Venice and Europe). In Wootton's study Sarpi becomes still more a European intellectual and is still further removed from Venice.

With Brian Pullan's *The Jews of Europe and the Inquisition of Venice 1550-1670* we are strictly within the confines of the lagoons, in the midst of the life of a great seaport. The men and the classes about which we usually hear and read in writings on Venice - the patricians, the citizens, the tax-paying artisans and the workers in the arsenal - hardly appear in Pullan's story; it is concerned with a more volatile sub-group which, however, gave much colour to the life of the city, Venice "was a point of contact and sometimes of collision between Catholics and Protestants, Westerners and Greeks, Christians and Jews, Christendom and Islam". Venice contained a colony of German traders and immigrant workers, many with anti-papal inclinations. Students from France and the German Empire infected with Lutheran and Huguenot ideas attended the University of Padua. With papal permission, the Greek

It was the century-old problem of the Maranos with which the Inquisition had to deal. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492, and then a decree of the King of Portugal of 1497, had revived the issue. The decree stated that the Jews who did not leave Portugal immediately would be baptized by force. Many Jews were baptized; they then moved to Italy and in Italy to Venice. What was their place in Venetian life? If they could prove that they had accepted Christianity only under the threat of death, they could live as Jews in the ghetto. But some seemed to have made use of the advantages of being a Christian; if they now settled in the ghetto as Jews they were defectors from Christianity and had to be severely punished. In addition there were those who declared that they had accepted Christianity with conviction and felt entitled to settle among Christians. Many of these encountered distrust in their Christian surroundings; their neighbours reported that they had heard from them exclamations that sounded anti-Christian or had seen behaviour which might indicate that they still observed Jewish dietary laws. Conversion had material advantages which nourish distrust: the baptized Jew would receive money and a licence for begging; these benefits were enough to seduce some Jews to get baptized several times at different places.

The difficulties of the task of the Inquisition, to determine the meaning and the sincerity of a conversion, were increased by the attitude of the Jews themselves. They accused each other of dishonesty and deceitfulness, either in anger about the defection of a former fellow-believer, or because of disagreements between fathers and children or between husbands and wives about what was the true faith. Conversion had financial aspects, which concerned a family because the money of a converted Jew would be taken out of the ghetto. Pride in tradition, passion, hatred and greediness, all entered as confusing and distorting elements into the cases which the Inquisition had to decide. Pullan's book, based on the records of the Inquisition, gives a grim and fascinating picture of the concerns, the strains, the emotions in a social group which usually eludes the attention of historians.

Pullan indicates that the Inquisition tried to proceed conscientiously and searched earnestly for the truth. In this an important factor was the particular character of the Venetian Inquisition. Pullan's analysis of the Inquisition as an institution is an admirably clear presentation of a very complex issue. The attitude of the Venetian government, that the working of a papal Inquisition on Venetian soil represented an interference in Venetian sovereignty, created a serious problem to its setting up. The result was the creation of a body of which all three authorities that claimed to be the guardians of the true faith in Venice and on the *terra ferma* were part: the Pope by the Papal Nuncio and the Inquisitor, the Venetian Diocese by the Patriarch and his Vicar General; and the Venetian government by three assistants who bore the impressive name "Savi sopra Eresia". Any decision made by the Inquisition had to be acceptable to all three. Agreement on facts, and that means the search for an objective establishment of facts, became the prerequisite for achieving consensus among the three authorities, each of which had its special interests and concerns.

The establishment of the Inquisition in 1547 was a compromise. Nobody abandoned the rights he claimed; in fact, however, Venice made a far-reaching concession because the compromise implied that it was no longer the only secular and spiritual authority within its territory. Venice was on the retreat, and the fight against the interdict in 1606 was a last futile attempt to regain lost ground. A step had been taken on the road leading in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from an aggressive and expanding foreign policy to one of disengagement and neutrality. The main task of foreign policy became defence of what Venice possessed, and an essential element in it was to give the appearance that Venetian life continued in all its splendour and that the state still exerted full autonomy. Thus a gap had opened and widened steadily between the constriction which pressed upon Venetian life in the interior and the face which Venice showed to the outside world.



"Capriccio: House and Tower on the Lagoon" by Canaletto, reproduced from Italian Drawings in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston by Hugh Macdonald (1999). Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. \$17.50. 0 87846 228 7.

of the conflict over the interdict, he was drawn into politics. Wootton, on the other hand, is convinced that the aphorisms reveal the philosophy which determined Sarpi's actions and writings throughout his entire life: Sarpi's published writings do not reveal his "true" views; he wore a mask. Although during the interdict he argued that Venice defended the true Catholic Church, his real aim was to assemble an alliance which would overthrow the papacy; after this plan had failed he wrote the *History of the Council of Trent* which, although ostensibly advocating church reform and reunion, was intended to keep hostility against the Church alive.

Wootton's interpretation of Sarpi's thought will not remain undisputed. The question will be raised whether a philosophical system can be constructed on the basis of the material on which he mainly relies: Sarpi's philosophical and religious aphorisms. They show Sarpi's acquaintance with ancient and scholastic thought, his knowledge of contemporary philosophy, like Pomponazzi and Charron. Are they more, however, than reflections produced by the reading of these works? Are they interconnected emanations of a coherent philosophical system?

Wootton strengthens his interpretation by showing Sarpi's involvement in all the intellectual discussions of his time: he had contacts with Tacitism, Gallicanism, religious scepticism, and with writers of such varied outlook as the Catholic Charron, the Calvinist Casaubon, the Stoicist Lipsius - with men called "atheists". I have some doubts that the word "atheist" had as much meaning in characterizing the views of a man as Wootton seems to believe; it was mainly employed with polemical and denunciatory intent. But Wootton's book gives highly interesting and valuable information about the network of communications that existed among the European intelligentsia before the religious wars of the seventeenth century changed the intellectual climate. Gaetano

for the Jews of Venice



# Between the one and the many

Neil MacCormick

S. J. BENN and G. F. GAUS (Editors)  
Public and Private in Social Life  
412pp. Croom Helm. £19.95.  
07099 06684

Winston Churchill, so I have heard, once sent a pudding back to a chef, complaining that it lacked a theme. As one who has from time to time contributed his own basinsfuls to not pre-eminently themeful *mélanges*, I allow myself the hope that themellessness is a less damnable vice in literary than in culinary collations. But I must concede that the reviewer's lot is the less happy a one the less unity of aim and argument he finds in the work laid before him. All the easier, then, to give a generous welcome to a new book on *Public and Private in Social Life*, which, although produced in blithe disregard of superstition by thirteen symposiasts under the editorship of Stanley Benn and Gerald Gaus, achieves none the less a considerable community or even unity of theme among a considerable diversity of points of view.

This is not to be put down to mere chance. The book has emerged in an unusually arduous way from a conference originally held in the Australian National University in 1979, after which the editors produced an analysis of the conceptual framework of the public/private contrast and their own account of "The Liberal Conception of the Public and Private". These were shown to the other contributors, some of whom revised conference papers for the book, others of whom produced new chapters. After a fair amount (apparently) of mutual adjustment of pleadings between editors and contributors, the record was finally closed. The result well justifies the prefatory claim that

"the book . . . forms a collective whole with a developing theme and structure."

Whether we look at topics of social concern in terms of the dimension of access to places, resources, information or activities, or of the dimension of agency or of capacities in which persons may act, or of the dimension of interests served by activities or institutions, the concept of privateness-versus-publicness is in the editors' nicely chosen phrase a "complex-structured concept". It is also, as Ruth Gavison vividly shows (here a little at variance with the editors' view), susceptible both of descriptive and of normative applications or interpretations, the latter in turn alternating between applications in terms of existing positive norms of law or of conventional morality, and applications in terms of someone's ideal moral convictions. (The claim that I have a private life is sometimes a claim that in fact there are parts of my life I succeed in keeping out of public view, sometimes a claim that there are parts others cannot rightfully invade as a matter of law or of social mores and manners, sometimes a claim that there are parts no one should pry into, whatever law and custom may treat as allowable and however much some snooper may have got hold of.)

A concept which is thus no less complex in pragmatic function than in dimensional structure is obviously well fitted for scrutiny and investigation from a plurality of points of view and in the light of a plurality of disciplinary interests. All the more so since there must be inexhaustible controversy both as to the lines of division which at any given time fall between what is private and public and as to lines of division which ought to be made as to what is to be kept private or opened to the public in any of the dimensions mentioned. If, moreover, as the authors all acknowledge, a concern to differentiate private and public spheres is a

distinctively liberal concern, the very centrality of this topic to liberalism may be taken as founding a fundamental critique of liberalism whether in Hegelian or in Marxist terms (here lucidly described and summarized by Antony S. Walton and Eugene Kamenka) or from the viewpoint of a feminist rejection of the patriarchal world in which public life is a mainly male preserve (here spiritedly contended by Carole Pateman).

How far such critiques hit home depends upon what we take to be the essence and the virtues of present divides in liberal societies between private and public. Prior to these critiques we find discourses on public versus private law, by Alice Tay and Eugene Kamenka; on the development of the common law on the controllability of public functionaries, by Paul Finn; on the control of information, by Ruth Gavison; on "Private Selves and Public Parts" and "Public and Private Property", by Alan Ryan, here at or near the very top even of his form; on the Machiavellian problem of private versus public moralities in statesmanship, by Stanley Benn; and on liberal political economy and therein the problem of private and public goods, by Gerald Gaus.

Finally, to bring out cultural contrasts between our ways of doing and thinking about such matters, and very different approaches, the book concludes with a sparkling trio of essays by Martin Krygier, Leslie and John Haviland, and Arlene Saxonhouse. These range over a general anthropological view of primitive law, a particular anthropological look at the mores of a Mexican Indian village, and at the world of classical Greece. Alas that mere description of the range of the work should practically exhaust the space for discussing its content. But enough may have been said to justify a wholehearted commendation of this as a book full of new thoughts on old

issues of great importance in politics and legal and social philosophy.

Let me however confess to one point of intellectual unease about the topic, which has survived my reading of the book. As Kamenka and Tay point out, the distinction between public law, as that which concerns the commonwealth (*res publica*) and its constitution, and private law, as that which concerns the well-being of individuals, goes back to Ulpian. Yet the very same sources as give us that distinction give us another one a few lines on, between private actions, open to those with injuries of their own to complain about, and public actions which anyone can raise to vindicate everyone's interest. Do I wrongly detect here a contrast between "the public" as that which pertains to state or government and "the public" as that which is open to one and all? No doubt we like to think that what is public in the former sense is of equal service to all the public in the latter sense, and no doubt states always seek to legitimate themselves on such grounds. But a perfect match between hope or pretension and reality is nowhere to be found.

One going argument is that what is private-as-against-statal best serves that interest which is public in the sense of equally involving one and all. That and the going counter-argument are shot through with risks of equivocation upon the inherent ambiguity of our two inherited ideas of "the public". While I find here reason to welcome the proposal by Benn and Gaus that liberalism has to accommodate both an individualist (aggregative) conception of the public and an organicist (Hegelian) one, I am not yet convinced that either they or Antony Walton in his fine account of the Hegelian view have yet teased the matter out to a finally satisfying conclusion. I suppose it is the way of complex structured concepts to take a lot of teasing. And to give it.

# Under-cover and under-successful

M. R. D. Foot

WILLIAM L. CASSIDY (Editor)  
History of the Schools and Training Branch  
Office of Strategic Services  
217pp. Kingfisher Press. PO Box 42094, San Francisco, California 94101, USA.  
CHARLES CRUICKSHANK  
SOE in the Far East  
282pp. Oxford University Press. £12.95.  
0192158732

Two contrasting histories of special units engaged in the world war of 1939-45 appear simultaneously to enhance our knowledge of it. Charles Cruickshank's is the official account of the work of the British Special Operations Executive in south-east Asia; William L. Cassidy explores the training schools of its American opposite number, the Office of Strategic Services. Each is full of those acronyms that mean inseparable from secret work; not all mean what the rapid reader might think. NATO for instance stands for the North African Theater of Operations, and behind the bland guise of ISLD - Inter-Services Liaison Department - lay, in Dr Cruickshank's phrase, "the Far Eastern manifestation of the Secret Intelligence Service."

Cruickshank's newest book is full of his own dry wit and many tales of startling bravery, yet for all the effort poured into it, the

results of the SOE's toil in south-east Asia in 1941-45 were puny. Their most successful raid, called "Jaywick", was carried out late in September 1943. A party of fourteen men - most of them Australians - led by Ivan Lyon got close to Singapore in an apparent fishing-boat. Half-a-dozen of them in light canoes (folboats) got right into Singapore roads, attached limpet mines to 50,000 tons of shipping, and paddled quietly away. But Lyon was killed next year in an attempt to repeat the coup, and 50,000 did not form a large share of the total tonnage lost by the Japanese during the war of 8,617,234.

SOE's principal Asiatic success was rather disreputable. Walter Fletcher, a gigantic figure - airlines always counted him as two, as a safety precaution - who lived on the marches between respectable trade and smuggling, managed to get SOE's backing for a plan to smuggle rubber out of the Indonesian archipelago, then in Japanese hands. When, after repeated promises, not a single pound of rubber had been procured, he was able to transfer his shaky and still purely notional enterprise to China: where it prospered, mainly in black-market currency deals. They netted £77m, about £900m at today's prices, which was a noticeable help to the war effort.

In Burma also SOE proved its worth, in the teeth of opposition from the Burmese government-in-exile at Simla, which mistrusted its policy of making friends with Burmese Com-

munist. A force of several thousand Burmese militia, intended by the Japanese to maintain law and order in their own rear, was penetrated by the Communists, and changed sides in the spring of 1945 in circumstances particularly awkward for the occupiers. Field-Marshal Slim also got substantial help in his reconquest of Burma from bands of irregulars on his left flank in the Karenni hills, who were armed and organized by SOE and OSS. In June 1945 these levies caused more Japanese casualties than the regular forces did.

In Malaya, SOE was forbidden to make any preparations for clandestine work at all, by service and civilian authorities cushioned alike in fatuous over-confidence: and was then, when the balloon went up, reprimanded by the same authorities for having done too little.

Part of the trouble about trying to operate into Malaya lay in sheer distance. No one in London who had not been there quite took in the size of Asia. It then took longer - a day and a half - to get by air from Delhi to Colombo than it now takes to fly from London to Brisbane; by train, it took five days; by letter, ten. Agents in training and their stores were scattered over a vast quadrilateral, Delhi-Calcutta-Colombo-Poon. Only two types of aircraft had the range to get to Malaya, Catalina flying-boats in sorties from Ceylon that lasted sixteen hours, or Liberators (unavailable till late in 1944) that might have to spend as long as twenty-four hours continuously in the air.

In Siam, obstruction by the British minister and competition from OSS between them made SOE's efforts all but useless, in spite of the enlistment of one of the regents - later the sole regent - as an agent. In Indonesia most of the locals were hostile. So, all told, Cruickshank's tales are of incessant struggle against usually insuperable obstacles, rather than of successes. He tells them well; there is not an ill-turned sentence in his book, outside the quotations he makes from his sources. Wherever he can, he gives a Public Record Office reference for the documents he cites; he quotes

from a score of separate PRO files. But for most of his new information he gives no source at all; it can be presumed to come from the still publicly unavailable archives of SOE, to which he has been given special access.

Mr Cassidy works by contrast only with the publicly available archive of OSS. The document he publishes is the anonymous, rough-hewn draft of its training section's history: as laundered for public inspection. Why it was never given a final polish does not appear. The editor notices that some official deletions were made from the text, a few of which - names of men who do not mind being named - he has restored. The location of OSS's main western group of schools is given in a footnote (by the author, not by the editor): Santa Catalina Island, off Los Angeles. Exactly where the main eastern group lay we are not told, save that most of them were within an hour or two's drive from Washington, DC. Several syllabuses are set out in outline; a great many more, the editor dismisses as "not reproduced".

At first, OSS training leaned heavily on British, particularly on the SOE school near Oshawa, beside Lake Ontario. (Americans who went there got a medal, for service outside the United States: a point Cassidy is too tactful to mention.) Several instructors were lent to OSS by SOE. One of them, a man called Fairbairn from the Shanghai police, left an unforgettable impression on all his pupils. He taught unarmed combat, so well that for the rest of their lives they lived with a quite new sense of personal security: they all knew that no rough-house would ever be too rough for them.

This was a big help towards crossing the major obstacle that faced the OSS trainers. They had to persuade their recruits, from the largest open society the world had yet known, how to behave covertly: how to go against every instinct of plain straightforward dealing in which, as good Americans, they had been brought up. Clandestine warfare is an activity with which genuine democrats have trouble in coming to terms.

# The British predicament

Hugh Clegg

HENRY PHELPS BROWN  
The Origins of Trade Union Power  
320pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £15.  
0198771150

Sir Henry Phelps Brown sets out "to examine some of the critical factors and historical turning-points in the process by which British trade unions attained their present position in the economy and polity". And a first-class job he makes of it, most of all in the first four chapters. He explains convincingly how unions came to be accepted as part of late nineteenth-century industrial and political society; how the law found a place for them as private clubs; why - and this is brilliantly done - Campbell-Bannerman's Liberal government gave this status legislative support when it was challenged by Taff Vale and other judgments; and how the Labour Party provided a guarantee that, whatever laws other governments might pass to alter that status, they would subsequently be repealed.

Among other critical factors discussed in subsequent chapters are the ability of unions by strikes or threats of strikes to force governments to intervene in industrial relations, often in their favour; the post-war recession, or strength, to shop-steward organizations in the plant, with their capacity to force up the rate of inflation by workshop pressure for higher earnings; and by unofficial strikes to undermine government attempts to restrain inflation through incomes policies; and the weakness of British employers' organizations. Three further chapters offer insights into the causes of the wide divergences which have grown up between trade unions in the United States, Canada and Australia, and the British unions with which they originally had much in common. Particularly telling are his contrast between British and American notions of inequality, and his analysis of the reasons for the continued acceptance by Australian unions of their eighty-year-old system of statutorily enforced compulsory arbitration.

Of course there are points at which Sir Henry's exposition is open to criticism. Perhaps he is too hard on British employers, the contrast

with failure to influence the structure of British trade unions with what he sees as the success of Swedish employers in driving their unions to reorganize themselves on the basis of one union to an industry. In fact the almost incomprehensibly complex structure of British unions is due to their first coming into their strength in a period of craft production and therefore as craft unions, whereas Swedish unions - and for that matter German, French and Italian unions - did so several decades later, when craft production had largely been superseded by mass-production, which fostered industrial unionism. Equally it seems unfair to accuse British employers, as he does, of passivity and "avoidance of conflict" in the period before 1914 when they forced the unions in industry after industry, in most instances by imposing massive lockouts, to accept procedure agreements which bound their militants in the plants and the districts to refer unresolved disputes to the adjudication of the employers and unions nationally.

There also seems at first reading room for criticism of Sir Henry's comparisons with the United States, Canada and Australia - not for their content, for each is an admirable essay in its own right, but because they do not appear to have much bearing on his stated theme. However, although he insists on "the paradox of historical understanding, that we can trace past happenings to their causes without thereby gaining the power to predict", he is quite as anxious to tell us what should be done about trade-union power as to trace its origins; and in that respect the comparative chapters are relevant.

Sir Henry aims to provide remedies for what he calls the British "predicament" rather than "disease". One element in the predicament is trade-union resistance to cost-reducing changes. His proposal is a national fund to subsidize lump-sum payments for agreed changes in working practices. But, if buying out restrictive practices is the right way to proceed, changes which are really cost-reducing should surely provide the savings to fund compensation payments?

Another element in Britain's predicament is stagnation - the combination of inflation and unemployment. Sir Henry is no monetarist. He

in the late 1960s, there has been an increase in the power of trade unionists over pay, which, he argues, depends on attitudes and expectations, not only their own but also those of managers and governments. He suggests that the turning-point in this development was "when the attitudes formed in younger employees by the experience of recent years attained a critical mass within the whole body of employees". These attitudes created a situation in which incomes policy is "inescapable" but also "impracticable" unless attitudes change. He proposes that change should be assisted by giving trade unions "an effective part in the relevant

## Winter-ways

Not only the fox tracks, the backwards pointing partridge prints in the snow, but also the winter-ways, narrow footpaths between barn and yard, not to be found on any map

Every house rests like a spider in the middle of its own road network

A temporary language like the barking of a dog voices behind the bushes

Language that need not be understood like a child's scribble; sign of something that is past

When the winter-ways melt, the feeling of a map remains under our feet

The first swallows high in the empty air, they can read it, perhaps, they follow other routes.

J. BERNIERE  
Translated by Helen Mendi

decisions" and by providing employees with readily comprehensible information about the performance of their own firms through a breakdown of each year's "value added".

Above all Sir Henry believes that "British industrial relations have much to gain from an extension of positive law" to check trade-union actions which are on balance vexatious and disruptive while allowing those which "though they may impose costs on others, seem warranted by the benefits they bring to members". It is this belief which has led him to give the legal "immunities" of British trade unions first place among the factors accounting for trade-union power in Britain; and it is the justification for his international comparisons. In all three overseas countries which he considers, industrial relations are subject to a code of legal regulation such as has always been anathema to most British trade unionists, yet in Australia and the United States, if not in Canada, trade unions and their members seem to have gained thereby more than they have lost.

He recognizes that the Industrial Relations Act of 1971 was an attempt to introduce positive law of the type he favours into British law, and that it failed disastrously. Trade unions defied it, employers would not use it, and the government which was its author undermined the authority of the court created to administer it even before Labour replaced it and repealed the Act. Failure, Sir Henry says, was inevitable. The Act was a "quantum jump", pushed through without real consultation with the parties whose "very habits of thought would have to be changed radically" to make it work; whereas "moving slowly and not very far at first was the price that had to be paid for moving at all".

The present government's programme of step-by-step legislation seems precisely fitted to Sir Henry's specification for a successful instrument of trade-union reform, and in consultations with the parties have at least been less perfunctory than those which preceded the 1971 Act. Over the next few years he has an excellent chance of finding out whether his proposals for reform of trade-union law will lead to the consequences which he expects. It is a rare, and perhaps awesome, opportunity for a social scientist.

# The Bushido spirit

Hugh Toye

FUJIWARA IWAICHI  
F. Kikan  
Translated by Akashi Yoji  
330pp. Heinemann Asia. £9.  
9062250726

At the very beginning of the Japanese campaign in Malaya in 1941 the 1st Battalion of the 14th Punjab Regiment, part of the main frontier defences, was caught on the move by Japanese tanks and overrun. It was the first of many disasters. A few days later a party of stragglers from this battalion surrendered to the Japanese in the person of Major Fujiwara, the author of this book, then "Propaganda Officer" on the staff of General Yamashita who was commanding the main invasion force. Fujiwara had under him a small group of intelligence operators; his orders were to "promote friendship and cooperation between Japanese troops and the Malay people" and to handle Indian troops he encountered to Japan's advantage. This is his personal account, written in 1947, of what turned out to be a brilliant short-term success for Japan.

As he has written elsewhere of earlier experiences in China: "I was gripped and angered . . . by the demoralized activities of Japanese Army officers and men and of adventurous civilians on the battlefields of China, which were contrary to the Bushido spirit . . . (This confirmed my belief that when war broke out in the South, we ought to develop psychological warfare based on the concept of acting up to one's words . . . and putting forward worthy objectives that could win the sympathy of the nations of the South."

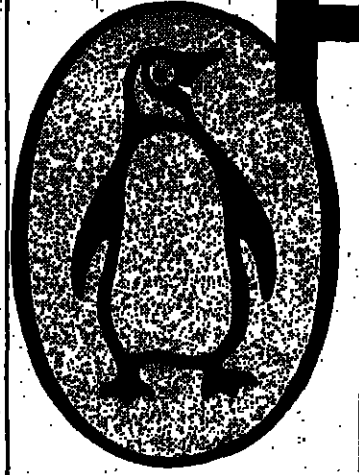
When the time came, the exploitation of Indian nationalism was an obvious objective. Fujiwara entered Malaya with a few men from an "Indian Independence League" which the Japanese had promoted in Bangkok. With the aid of these and in a situation of disaster for the Indian soldiers now surrendering, he persuaded Captain Mohan Singh and another officer of the 1/4 Punjab Regiment to cooperate with him in the administration of the increasing numbers of captured Indian soldiers, and eventually to raise an "Indian National Army" alongside which the Japanese would fight for the liberation of India (not one of Japan's goals at the time). The immediate task of collecting Indian stragglers and keeping them out of the way of the Japanese Army were carried out by the men themselves as the campaign progressed, and Mohan Singh gave some substance to the idea of an Indian National Army by his own virulent propaganda.

After the surrender of Singapore all Indian prisoners of war were handed over by the

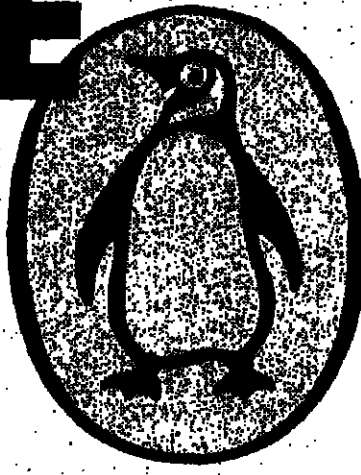
jiwara to Mohan Singh, who, in the even more traumatic circumstances of the fall of Singapore - attended; it must be recalled, by the butchering of many thousands of Chinese - secured for the moment the cooperation of most of the 60,000 Indian officers and men captured in Malaya. The Indian Independence League, through which rations and identity cards could be obtained by civilians, similarly flourished. Indeed, in retrospect, with full knowledge of the circumstances, it is difficult to see what else the Indians could have done, treasonous as it seemed at the time.

Major Fujiwara had succeeded beyond his own wildest dreams, and also beyond the intentions of the Imperial General Headquarters in Tokyo which had briefed him. He had been at the top of his bent, acting out the role he had often envisaged as being in the highest traditions of Japan as well as in her best interests. His charm, his apparent honesty, his inner conviction of the honourable beneficence of Japan, had never flagged. Infected by his enthusiasm, the Indians set out in earnest to band themselves into a militant organization to embrace the two million of them scattered over south-east Asia, which would fight as an ally of Japan under Indian National Congress rules. This went too far. Tokyo had not intended an Indian National Army. While Fujiwara and his men were moved to other tasks their grim-faced successors, with less devotion to the Bushido spirit, set out to bring the Indian movement back to earth. They did it finally by suspending at the end of 1942 the civil and military establishments set up during the year, by arresting Mohan Singh, and by bringing the energetic Congress politician, S. C. Bose, from Europe to master-mind a revival in 1943.

By then Fujiwara had left the immediate scene. He served as an intelligence staff officer to the Japanese corps commander in the Imphal campaign - he had made an extensive reconnaissance which caused him to advise against it - and ended the war as a lieutenant-colonel with an unblemished record. He was called to the important court-martial of Indian National Army commanders at Delhi in 1946 as a defence witness, and after the years of Japan's "re-education" resumed his military career in the Self-Defence Forces, retiring as a lieutenant-general. Now both in his seventies, he and Mohan Singh, who became a powerful Indian politician, are still good friends. F. Kikan (Fujiwara Unit) is Fujiwara's story of his achievement in 1941-42, of its background and of his subsequent wartime career. Translated by an eminent Japanese historian, it has both authority and interest (written as it is from a viewpoint unfamiliar in the West).



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# Remainders

Eric Korn

January is the month for shelf-clearance, so out goes the 1906 volume of *Lotus*, a Magazine for Young People on Theosophical Lines; out go a book and covering letter from a man in SW9 who thinks, unflatteringly, that I am the person to give sympathetic consideration to "a comparison of Carlos Castaneda and Jesus O Christ", drawing heavily on the ten-dimensional spherical time of Dr Charlotte Bach's School of Human Ethology; out goes the *Space Shuttle Operator's Manual* (Macmillan) with its criminally irresponsible press release: "if you have ever dreamed of orbiting the earth behind the controls of a Space Shuttle, the only manual you will need for information and operating instructions is here" ("On Panel AW82A in cockpit, EV 2 EMU O, SPLY: when food is hot open oven"); out, reluctantly, go a stash of publications collected on the CND march, mostly from people who want unilateral disarmament beginning with someone else, Iranians against the Iraqi bomb, Indians against the Pakistani bomb, women against the male bomb ("Greenham Facts! Quotations from Virginia Woolf!" called the hawkster enticingly), Methodists and Mennonites against the bomb, Mennonites against the Methodists, Methodists for bombing Mennonites; "Piglet and Pooh are against the bomb too", said a badge one did not want to be in the same parade or indeed the same galaxy with, and surely somewhere there were Buddhists for Personal Annihilation.

VAT Notes, possibly the least exclusive periodical in the language, goes, with its news of a "second-hand scheme for horses and ponies", which sounds shabby enough, freestanding radiators do not qualify, alas, and advance notice of a leaflet called "Sales of Antiques from Stately Homes", as though a stately home was some kind of legal category (is there a quango to determine whether a given home is sufficiently stately?). Instead of just an adjective on its way from *Highland Fling* to *Highland Fling* to Noel Coward and of course Mrs Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835) of whose colossal output (she started at fifteen) we remember only the burning deck, a few stately homes, and the busy haunts of men.

January is the month when I decide I have nothing to say about *The Letter H* by Alfred Leach: a failed author-title chime for a start, not fit to be preserved with *The Ill-Made Knight* of T. H. White; *How to Examine the Chest* by Benjamin West and *The Collected Works in Prose* of Subhas Chandra Bose. Alfred Leach writes in a tone of unshakable prescriptiveness, and a style of inexhaustible waggery: "It's the greatest blessing in the world", he quotes with approval, "a sure protection against cash. You meet a fellow who is well-dressed, behaves himself decently enough, and yet you don't know exactly what to make of him. But get him talking, and if he trips on his H's that settles the question. He's a chap you'd better be shy of." He is surprised that so large a majority can be so misled ("Of the forty millions of people there cannot be more than two million who are capable of a healthy well-breathed H") and opines that one reason is that many school-kids get thumped by their mates for talking posh. Of course he doesn't say "get thumped for talking posh", he says: "the boys discriminate forcibly, anything like affectation and render it expedient in the youthful orthodoxy to think his singularity of right in deference to the dominant power of wrong". (He also believes that it was easier for a primitive person to invent writing as he didn't have anything complicated to say: "the burden of his thoughts will not have been heavy with deep or intricate abstractions difficult to express.") Leach is, unselfconsciously, confident that the alphabet is surrounded by the upper two million because they are cultivated folks who know a good thing when they hear one; he then considers the modern English. It is an important embellishment, "take the pronoun 'I' and the adjective 'high' ... the vowel sound in the latter is far more pleasing. What is pleasing in this ally booklet is a concordance of current (1880) dictionaries (all British English) on disputed pronunciation. It shows that they are about equally divided over "nonchalant", "here", "humble", and

"humorous", but solid for the hard H in "hotel" (some even wanted it in "hostler"). In these moot cases, Leach bases his own judgment on "the USAGE OF CULTIVATED SOCIETY" as represented by a number of gentlemen whose various qualifications eminently fit them ... The list includes Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Henry Irving, Cardinal Manning, "a member of the present administration", Reverend C. H. Spurgeon, Dean Stanley and Professor Huxley or 'Uxley. A bare majority, ten of nineteen, thought it was all very 'unorous, or should be although aqueous humour differed, they thought, from say, Scottish 'umour. Did Arnold talk of 'Ellenes and 'Ebrews and Browning ask what's an 'eaven for? No, though Irving said 'umble in Shakespeare, but the other eighteen were against him: consensus also doused the H in heir, honest, honour, hour and howvarium: but Professor Skent, in a special appendix, goes as far as suggesting that the H is "very weak" in hexamer, hallucination, histology and hippopotamus. "The H is very weak in hippopotamus": you could sing that if it had an air to it.

Another press release warns that the apostrophe is disappearing as the mark of the possessive (see *Finnegans Wake*, Woolworths, Freds Mens Shoes, Roys Boys Toys), but functions instead as a sign of elision: park 'n' ride, wash 'n' wear, fish 'n' chips. Crime 'n' Punishment - or park 'n' ride and so forth, the usage not being cut 'n' dried yet.

This press release comes not from ITS (Intervention to Save Apostrophes) but from the publishers of a cheerful new magazine for professional linguists, *Language Monthly* (from Praetorius Ltd of 30 Clarendon St, Nottingham) from which I learn, with much else, that there will be a new academic journal for lexicographers out in the autumn, that breathing has been abolished in Greece ("the young of today can hardly cope with the freakish diction of *Katharevousa*"); that there are exciting new language aids for trendy postliterature viddiks (*La Princesse, une aventure en 32 K*), a forthcoming lecture called "Aural and Oral skills" which promises trouble from the title on, a seminar on machine translations in Moscow, a Book Fair in Bahrain. And that while Lord's is still officially Lord's, Earl's Court is Earls Court.

An anonymous someone, doubtless someone with a grievance, has sent me the prospectus of the Nottingham Court Press, a list of finely-bound limited editions of, it must be said, relatively useless books especially designed to meet the needs of the relatively-useless-book collector (get hyphens in right place). They are editions of ten or fifty copies, printed on vellum or gossamer, bound in full Peruvian Pangolin extra gilt, with inlays of chrysoprase and hafnium, and are facsimiles of rare or out-of-print books, occasionally prior to the originals, or editions of undemanding verse ("a collection of poetry, prose and pictures describing *Man's relationship with Nature* through the ages", signed by the late Princess Grace of Monaco in association with the World Wildlife Fund) or other non-books for non-readers, sometimes with charitable intent. Commemorating 100 years of Wimbledon, 200 years of the Derby, 300 years of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. There is a "thoroughly researched" volume of drink recipes by Charles Dickens's grandson (*Dining with Dickens* to follow shortly); there is *Three Men in a Boat* with a pull-out map of the Thames, like-size or thereabouts; there is a history of Scotch whisky at £148.50 + VAT; the last being not on the book but on the decenter of Old Blithedale that you get to help it down. There is the RAP Roll of Honour, published for the RAP Museum, at £1,000, an ill-considered piety surely liable to invite tedious jokes about the Few, and so much. There is *Black Beauty* signed by Ludwig Wittgenstein, bound in tan morocco, and not in what you might vulgarly be supposing; there's a facsimile of Jenner on Vaccines for £275; perhaps including free small-pox jab; and a *Complex Angler* at £11.50 in cloth, £28 in leather. £140 to witfully, perhaps

a small gilded fly, though I'd want 24-carat gold bugs at that price.

Some of the facsimiles are scarcer, and correspondingly more expensive than the originals. Park's *Topography and Natural History of Hampstead* at £225 for copies 1-40, at £125 for 41-175, or even at £87.50 for the remaining 375 is probably more than you would need to pay for the 1814 edition - though ever so much nicer. Meinertzhagen's *Birds of Arabia* at £298, £585 or £885 for the special bespoke Cosway-style binding is not to be thought of as a cheap alternative to the original edition of 1954, which might cost you £350.

Then there is the matter of p and n. When I saw the price of Alistair Cooke's *America* given as £145/£9.50, I thought there was a paperback edition. Not so, this is "insured overseas surface post". Postage on the grandest of the Meinertzhagen's is a hefty £31, which would send a 45lb parcel to Spitbergen or Kuwait, though only 20lb odd to New Caledonia or Tuvalu. Saudi Arabia, where the book might be more useful, only admits ten kilogram parcels, which might not allow for sufficient packing. Dickens's Christmas Books are uniform in size, but the cloth edition of *Christmas Carol* costs £1.50 to post, of *Cricket on the Heath* £2, and *The Chimes* £4. The limited edition of *Cricket*, which costs £50 or more to buy, also costs £4.50 more to post, a high price for the insurance: the GPO will do you £1,000 cover for £2.80. But postage and insurance is a modest £6 only on the special, and I mean the special special edition of Lois Lang-Sims's *Canterbury Cathedral*, a self-effacing little tome signed by the Archbishop, full bound in dark purple, and with, I kid you not, a miniature stained glass window in the front board.

I've had considerable pleasure from *Pahayagan*, London's first Filipino newspaper. Not just the lively headlines ("Typhoons ravage RP"; "Kensington Mayor honours Filipino"; "Rich Boy Runs Amok"; "Igorot Mummies Found"; "Sin accuses Marcoses of Hypocrisy"), nor alone the editorials ("Kudos to Miss Candor ... not all of us will have the opportunity to save drowning boys, but ...") or the letters ("If Mr Maillillan doesn't like to see things of that kind, he should stay home and listen to Bach"), nor even the advertisements for wonderful things: Bangoong Pndas, Galong-gong, Macapuno String and Banana Chips, which translate respectively as Salted Syagid Fry, Smoked Round Scad, Coconut Sport and

Banana Chips. (There is also the aptly named Halo Halo, a mixed fruit salad, and the puzzling Coco Jam and Ubi Jam, puzzling because Coco Jam is the English for Matamis Sa Bua, while Ubi Jam is the foreign for Yam Paste, as well of course as the Latin for "Where Now?")

But the great pleasure comes from the passages in the Filipino language, Bahasa Pilipino, where the Tagalog base and Spanish superstructure are astoundingly larded with scraps, chunks and whole blocks of English, especially on the social page: "Nag-Piknik sa Espoon ay malalaking tupperware na pampuno ng fired chicken at spaghetti", or an account of a farewell party given by the Figueroas, Joey and his "conlunx", for their son: "Figueron despedida for Samson: Si Joey Figueroa at ang kanyang Mrs ay hosts nang despedida para kay Mar Samson. Si Mar ay bumalik na sa Manila for good. ... Masaya ang Barbecue at San Miguel beer party ng Joey Maminissi si Mar who was a nice guy."

The Movie Gossip page is headed "Favourite Partners", an expression that evidently means less in English, for there are pictures of Lorna and Rudy, Snooky and Gabby, Gloria and Juancho, and details of the latest releases: *Tessa*, *Sierra Madre*, *Mortal Sin*. (Mortal Sin is presumably related to Cardinal Sin, at least by way of syllogism: all men are Mortal, Cardinal Sin is a man, ... A paragraph headed Super Propaganda-Sin, ostensibly in Pilipina, communicates in indignation to the non-P speaker: "sa Amerika na suportahan ang diktadura ni Marcos ... there words, ginagamit ang moa artista ... Meanwhile milyun milyun ang nagastos sa airfares, hotel accommodation at food ... u Cow Palace na San Francisco.")

In other words, indeed; it is curiously reminiscent of the transparent Slakian spoken in Malcolm Bradbury's *Rates of Exchange*, a foreign language designed to be read as English, and by-the-by has it struck you that the name of the Slakian lady who writes magical realist novels, Katya Princip, is a simple transposition of the name of an English lady novelist, or should I keep quiet?

It's *Coker-nut* in Robert Knox's (or Knox's) *A Historical Relation of the Island Ceylon* (1680) of which an obliging Indian publisher has just sent me a facsimile page and a prospectus. It is an entertaining book, but the thing is that its trade terms are £12.50 per copy for six copies and £10.50 per copy for seven or more. Any one want to take the first six, so I can have number seven?

## AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Nicola Barker is Head of Conservation at the British Library.  
Hugh Clegg is Emeritus Professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Warwick.  
Juliet Clutton-Brock is the author of *Domesticated Animals from Early Times*, 1981.  
L. Jonathan Cohen is the author of *The Probable and the Provable*, 1977.  
Simon Collier is the author of *From Cortes to Castro: An Introduction to the history of Latin America 1492-1973*, 1974.  
Douglas Dunn's long poem *Europa's Lover* was published in 1982.  
M. R. D. Foot was formerly Professor of History at the University of Manchester.  
David Gallagher is a banker in Santiago, Chile.  
Dorothy Gaitton's most recent book is *The Beehive*, 1982.  
Felix Gilbert's books include *The Pope, His Banker and Venice*, 1973.  
Peter Green is the James R. Dougherty Professor of Classics at the University of Texas, Austin.  
Charles Hope is the author of *Thien*, 1980.  
John Hugo Mason is the author of *The Irresistible Diderot*, 1982.  
Arthur Hutchings's *Mozart: The man, the musician* was published in 1977.  
Michael Ignatieff is a Senior Research Fellow at King's College, Cambridge.  
Kenneth Ingham is Professor of History at the University of Bristol.  
Douglas Jarman is a lecturer in Contemporary Music at the Royal Northern College of Music.  
Martin Kemp's *Leonardo da Vinci: The marvellous works of nature and man* was published in 1981.  
Peter Kemp is the author of *H. G. Wells and the Culminating Age*, 1983.  
Hugh Kenner's *A Cold Eye: Modern Irish Writers* was published in 1983.  
Eric Korn is an antiquarian bookseller in London.  
Sir Christopher Lett's books include *The Naturalized Animals of the British Isles*, 1977.  
Patrick McCarthy is the author of *Canopus: A critical study of his life and work*, 1982.  
Neil McCormick is Regius Professor of Law at the University of Edinburgh.  
Jerrold Northrop Moore is the editor of *Music and Friends: Letters to Adrian Bouli*, 1979.  
Ernest Neal is President of the Mammal Society and author of *Badgers*, 1949.  
Roland Oliver is Professor of the History of Africa at the University of London.  
Lena Sage teaches English at the University of East Anglia.  
Rex Stratton's *European Armies and the Conduct of War* was published last year.  
Mary Tiles is a lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Reading.  
Hugh Tye is a former Research Fellow at Nuffield College, Oxford.  
P. J. Walker's *Town, City and Nation: England 1830-1914* was published last year.  
Bernard Wasserstein is Professor of History at Brandeis University.

# Letters

## Press Councils

Sir, - O. R. McGregor, in his review of Harold Evans's serve-and-tell memoirs, *Good Times, Bad Times* (December 16, 1983), prescribes as a cure for the moribund condition of Britain's national newspapers "an effective and respected Press Council". It is difficult to comprehend how this device, whatever its "enforcement" mechanism, could have resolved the problems and situations Mr Evans reports having encountered as Editor of *The Times*.

Having great respect otherwise for Lord McGregor's insights on the feverish condition of the press of the democratic West, I am thus puzzled by his conclusion that a press council - presumably not one controlled by the State - could possibly serve to fend off the machinations of malevolent proprietors, which seem to be the essential concern of Harold Evans and indeed must be of all who believe editorial independence should be inviolable, even by press owners. If one accepts that the premise of the concept of press councils is to improve press performance, then one must acknowledge that the British Press Council and its Swedish equivalent (these being the most widely trumpeted examples) in fact have produced exceedingly modest improvements, in qualitative terms. It is one thing to lament, as McGregor does, that "the public interest has no voice in the conduct of regular publication of quality newspapers" but quite something else to propose as a corollary that such an interest should be vested in a body, perhaps especially a "self-regulatory" one of dubious provenance and mandate, to decide on the desirability of "the sale and purchase of newspapers". The latter, it seems to me, manifestly is not in the public interest.

There is, however, an even more disturbing note in the urging that a Press Council "with teeth" is a prudent way "of keeping interventionists at bay". In the authoritarian and totalitarian segment of the Third World, there is a snowballing movement to establish press councils under government sponsorship as a control of mass communications media. As McGregor himself has said recently in his excellent discussion of Unesco's ominous role in affairs affecting global press freedom: "In a free society, politicians have no choice but to make a virtue of their inability to master the ascendancy of the press and broadcasting over political and public life."

ROBERT LINDSAY,  
School of Journalism and Mass Communication,  
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota  
55455.

## Poland and Russian Nationalism

Sir, - Jędrzej Giertych makes some remarkable statements in his letter of December 23, 1983, in which he castigates me for asserting that the "peasants of Russian Poland fought magnificently in the Russian army - and by implication in defence of Russia - in the Kaiser's war". "They fought", he says, "for Poland." It is, of course, true that the majority of educated Polish opinion, represented in the parliaments of the three partitioning powers, desired the reunion of historic Poland at the expense of Teutonism and that the Grand Duke Nicholas's proclamation of August 14, 1914, promised them just that in the form of genuine autonomy under the Russian crown. (That this did not apply to many Austrian and other Poles who far preferred to follow Pilsudski against Russia should not be forgotten. The Polish educated classes did not think or fight as one.)

This does not mean that the Russian Second Army's premature invasion of East Prussia was a specifically Polish enterprise. It was on orders from the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, that Samsonov's Second Army moved on August 21, four days before full mobilization was complete and in response to desperate appeals from France. It is Giertych seriously suggesting that the Grand Duke and the Russian Government and Emperor were acting on behalf of Poland, not of the whole Russian Empire and her allies? As for the five unfortunate army corps destroyed or mauled at Tannenberg it is quite untrue to say, as Giertych does, that they were "mainly composed of Polish reservists". Two

of them were based in Russia proper and in any case there was no territorial system of recruitment in the Russian army. Two thirds of the trained peacetime strength of any Russian army unit in European Russia was on principle Russian, officered by Russians, Balts or Muslims as well as numerous Poles, commanded in the main by Russian generals. Trained Polish reservists joined their nearest local units after wartime call-up and took their heroic part in the heroic muddle that produced the Tannenberg disaster and contributed, by the transfer of five German divisions from the West, to Joffre's victory on the Marne. But both the part and losses were comparatively small. The steadfast bravery of the Polish peasant soldier, reservist or not, came out strongly in the later obstinate battles in defence of Warsaw (October-December 1914) and most of all in the terrible retreat of April to September 1915 when Poland was completely overrun by Germans, and Poles continued to fight steadily on purely Russian soil beside their fellow-soldiers of the multinational armies of the Russian Emperor.

IGOR VINOGRADOFF,  
Broughton Grange, near Banbury, Oxfordshire.

## William Translated

Sir, - According to your contributor Humphrey Carpenter (December 30, 1983), much in Richard Crompton's stories "would now" be almost beyond the comprehension of [today's] children. It is possible. However, we Spanish children from Barcelona, back in the 1940s, who used to follow with relish the adventures of the gallant Outlaw in the excellent translations of G. López-Hipkins, did not have, somehow, the slightest difficulty in sharing William's joy at being given "media corona" or "cinco chelines" when his elder brother felt generous, or in understanding that a child can be partial to "ojos de buey" and loathe "flan de arroz", no matter how outlandish those terms may have sounded to us. May I add that my own son, "de once años de edad" living in still another very different epoch and environment, seems to enjoy as much as his father did the exploits of the boy we naturally call (how else?) "Guillermo".

ALEJANDRO VILAFRANCA DEL CASTILLO,  
50 Route de Florissant, 1206 Geneva, Switzerland.

## 'Edwin Drood'

Sir, - It is good news for *Drood* addicts that W. W. Robson is preparing a longer work which promises new perspectives on Dickens's last novel (Letters, December 30, 1983). In the meantime I would like to clarify some of the points that he has raised.

I do not maintain that the duality of Jasper is between "evil" and "good", rather it is between a personality that is murderous towards Edwin Drood and a personality that is wrapped up in him and is deeply affectionate and solicitous for his welfare. For the latter there certainly is evidence in the text. In the second chapter, for example, Dickens has the Dean, Drood himself and Mrs Tope making the point, as well as the author's own "hungry, exacting, watchful, and yet devoted affection" passage, all carefully counterbalancing the threatening figure that emerges after Jasper's fit.

As for Forster, my argument is simple: that

## INFORMATION, PLEASE

Richard Hughes: letters, personal reminiscences, documentary material; for an official biography.

Richard Percival Graves.  
11 Canonbury, Shrewsbury, Shropshire SY3 7AH.

Richard Beer-Hofmann (1866-1945): location of letters; for a collected edition of the author's letters.

Eugen Weber.  
Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081, USA.

Robert Duncan Macleod (1885-1973): librarian and bookseller; personal recollections, letters, photographs etc for a biography.  
M. Nicoll.  
Jordanhill College of Education, Southside Drive, Glasgow G13 7PP.

given their relationship over the years Dickens could not have avoided giving Forster an outline of his story - and the account in the *Life* is no more - and that he would not have lied to him (even if he did not spell out the whole truth). This was also Kate Dickens's contention. Admittedly she was writing much later, as Robson points out, though not of a particular event on which her memory might well have been at fault but on her family knowledge of the long relationship between the two men, moreover in an article clearly intended to put the record straight.

Finally, the instance cited by Robson of a Victorian author appearing in his own novel, namely chapters 62 and 66 of *Vanity Fair*, does not seem to me to support his case. The shadowy spectator is neither W. M. Thackeray in person nor, like Daiches, an active character in the story. Surely this is just our old friend the narrator?

CHARLES FORSYTE.  
The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, London SW1.

Sir, - I was most interested to read Randolph Stow's speculations regarding the types of drugs used (or intended for use) by the characters in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (Letters, November 25, 1983). He suggests that Dickens may have had in mind not only opium but, at least in one instance, hushish, and wonders if he was familiar with "a book by a young American, Fitzhugh Ludlow, called *The Hashish Eater* (1857), dealing with his own experiences of the drug".

This is indeed a possibility. Ludlow's book - the second full-length literary treatment of drug experience in English (after De Quincey's *Confessions*) and a counterpart to works by Club des Haschischin members Baudelaire, Gautier, and J.-J. Moreau - caused a sensation and was reprinted at least four times in the decade following its initial publication. Dickens would very likely have learned of Ludlow's work or seen it in bookshops during his New York visit in the winter of 1867. His lodgings at Irving Place in lower Manhattan were within a few blocks' walk of Ludlow's on Livingston Street. In the same neighbourhood could be found Pfaff's Restaurant, a favourite meeting-place of the New York literati. Ludlow frequented Pfaff's and Dickens may have gone there as an invited celebrity.

Ludlow and his book (the correct title is *The Hashish Eater*) were largely forgotten after his early death (at the age of thirty-six) from tuberculosis - attributed at the time to his immoderate use of hashish and opium ("extraordinarily like Jasper", in Stow's estimation). Ludlow's work was rediscovered by Aleister Crowley, who reprinted portions of it in his review *The Equinox* in the early years of the twentieth century, but was then forgotten once again until some marijuana experts, Beat Generation writers and drug literature savants began to quote Ludlow's classic descriptions of the subjective effects of the drug.

I edited a reprint of *The Hashish Eater* with plates by the noted collage artist Sätty (San Francisco: Lovel Press, 1975). It is currently available in a German translation from Sphinx Verlag, Basel, and in its original form from City Lights Books, San Francisco.

MICHAEL HOROWITZ,  
Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, POB 99346,  
San Francisco, California 94109.

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Clarendon Press



## COMMENTARY

## A nose for phoniness

Peter Kemp

Arena: George Orwell  
BBC2

Acknowledging the advent of 1984, *Arena* put two and two together and made five programmes about Orwell, each one chronicling distinct phases of his career. In the first, he was a young outsider: wretched at St Cyprian's, pugnaciously unassimilated at Eton, morosely out on a limb among Burma pukka sahibs, ruffling Southwold gentility — "We thought it very unnecessary" — by turning up in his down-and-out attire. The second programme showed Orwell uncomfortably fraternizing with Hampstead socialists and Northern workers. The third took him to the Spanish Civil War with its intense mix of camaraderie and ideological divisiveness. The fourth part — threaded with newsreel of bombers, sirens, fuming rubble — traced the war-time bracing of his patriotism and the composition of *Animal Farm*. The final programme concentrated on *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Opening the series was a piece about the importance for Orwell of smells (something to which his works pungently testify). But, it soon emerged, other senses were even more crucial. It was the untiring use of his eyes and ears — as well as what lay between them — that gave Orwell his keen nose for phoniness. His desire for first-hand fact, combined with qualms about his privileged background, propelled him into a series of punitive trying experiences. Shedding guilt and gathering material, he immersed himself in one exploited group after another, registering their hardships with his raw, acute probity. Committed to a genuine ministry of truth, Orwell especially loathed those who keep comfortable by accepting or fostering distortion. Specimens of the latter behaviour were tellingly exhibited on *Arena*. Unquestionably, the programmes showed the kind of acquiescence that Orwell came up against. The section on Spain, for instance, had one of his erstwhile antagonists, Claud Cockburn, chortling dismissively about "the heresy of the fact" while, on an even more muddled level, Frank Frankford refused, amid giggles,

to clarify the murky part he played in the campaign that falsely branded the POUM as a Fascist force.

Among the numerous fascinations of Nigel Williams's excellent series was its allowing for the voicing of very differing views of Orwell — from an old schoolfellow's grunted "Dull . . . uninteresting . . . unattractive" to fluently sensitive character analysis from Julian Symons. David Astor, Tosco Fyvel. Often, witnesses revealed more about themselves than Orwell: as when Cyril Connolly rotundly opined that *Homage to Catalonia* was "slightly weakened by having so much politics in", or Malcolm Muggeridge, his co-perambulator in some odd old film, went into his customary routine of drawn-out disparagement — processing Orwell's desire to fight Nazism into "He longed to be a belligerent", or smugly sighing that his funeral attracted "a very sort of non-descript collection of people".

A decent consensus backed David Astor's firm assertion that Orwell was "an extremely truthful person". "He reminded me of a detective", a Northern acquaintance remarked of his obvious eagerness to get at the facts. Showing a similar tendency, *Arena* constantly and informatively endorsed Orwell's accuracy by checking his version of things against the reality. "That was my father in every way at all", confirmed a miner's daughter of Orwell's pen-portrait of him in *The Road to Wigan Pier* (he also proved, incidentally, a splendid custodian of Orwelliana: now owning a house where he had stayed, she announced with pride, "The toilet is still there outside, but no longer in use"). Visual material was used satisfyingly to vouch for Orwell's veracity — a passage about the expression in the eyes of the headmaster's wife in "Such, Such Were the Joys" being endorsed by a close-up photograph of her, strictures on "the sneering yellow faces" of young Buddhist monks in "Shooting an Elephant" eloquently borne out by thoughtfully leering images of them. Most tellingly, the camera made its way down the mine Orwell visited, and clambered up to the roof of the Barcelona *Poliorama* where he saw his street-fighting. Most exhaustively documented perhaps was his documenting of Wigan. Graphic, graphite-

tinged film exhumed the depressed town of the 1930s, with its dead machinery and ushen slag heaps crawling with shawled scavengers for coal. Gritty-voiced survivors offered varying assessments of Orwell, from the enthusiastically matey — "a lad after me own 'art. I'd 'ave liked to 'ave gone on tour with 'im, me" — to the municipally affronted: local pride (recently taking the form, the programme might have noted, of a defiant postal slogan, "Modern Wigan Has No Peer") reckoned he dwelt excessively on the dismal side of things.

This characteristic was also noted by Julian Symons, describing Orwell's masochistic mastication of the appetite-defeating Victory Pie, even when more palatable fare was available. Constantly *Arena* drew illuminating anecdotes from perceptive friends of the writer. Tosco Fyvel, in particular, excelled in relating Orwell's personal behaviour to his writing — observing, for instance, that Orwell had a shy man's habit of always entering a room "with a firm, positive statement", something analogous to the determinedly declaratory openings of so many of his works.

Besides packing the author's personality around his books, *Arena* skillfully put them in their political context, with *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, especially, being conscientiously fitted back into the period when they were written. Sardonically, soundtrack readings of satiric passages from *Animal Farm* were accompanied by pompously official film of the book's political targets, inter-cut with snuffing farmyard footage. Likewise, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was instructively shuffled back to 1948 with its innately euphoric newsreels, battered buildings, austerity, ration-books and queues.

Only Nigel Williams's renderings of Orwell's voice — too modern, not the right class — struck an unconvincing note. Otherwise, the series captured compellingly the distinctive timbre of Orwell's intellectual and imaginative contribution to the twentieth century, particularly his fierce, modest integrity. It was not by making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human heritage", reflects Winston Smith in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. It was by doing both, these admirable programmes brought out, that Orwell achieved this.

## A punishing routine

Michael Ignatieff

CARYL CHURCHILL  
Softcops  
The Pit, Barbican

Down at the police-station, the soft cop is the one who hands you the cup of coffee. The hard cop is the one who hits you with the phone-book. The soft cop works on the mind. The hard cop works on the body. Historically speaking — so Michel Foucault tells us in *Discipline and Punish* — the hard cops are losing ground to the soft cops. In Europe anyway, we no longer do so much work on the body. Rack, thumbscrew and rope are out. We work on the mind instead: life sentences are in. Punishment is paired with persuasion. In schools, asylums and prisons, soft cops rule.

Turning *Discipline and Punish* into a pantomime may sound as appealing as turning *The Phenomenology of the Spirit* into a musical, but Caryl Churchill had the wit to see theatrical possibilities in all that Gallic opacity about the dramaturgy of punishment. *Softcops* is Foucault rendered as a music-hall turn and a Victorian freak-show, with music by Brecht and Gilbert and Sullivan. Set in the Paris of Vidocq and Lacenaire, the series of sketches is acted by an all-male company of players in dinner-jackets working on the bare boards of The Pit amid a set (by Bob Crowley) of draped mirrors, ladders doubling as gallows, tables and chairs doubling as execution blocks, and a hint of a Paris bordello in the middle distance behind. The Medici String Quartet plays by candle-light and offers mock-solemn musical shading for the action: a single plucked note to punctuate the silence of the Panopticon, a pizzicato in time with the boys' scratching on their slates at the juvenile reformatory.

After all the tedious Anglo-Saxon academic renderings of Foucault, Churchill's version is pure fresh air. One wishes the master and his acolytes had her gift for the drama of ideas. As the sardonic old aristocrat of the *ancien régime* — played with icy charm by John Carlisle — watches the preparations for new-style edifying executions, all hortatory placards and wholesome dying speeches, he finds himself lamenting the passing of the thumbscrew. This is, though, the nostalgia of an old man, as he admits.

A cockney Vidocq, played with winks and growls by Geoffrey Freshwater, sums up the nineteenth-century philosophy of punishment with a gun, a gold coin and a fist. Pick up the gold coin, he says, but be warned, I might just shoot you. The gold coin is instantly palmed. Pry it out of my fist, he slyly offers, but remember I'm sure to punch you. No takers. You see, Vidocq triumphantly exclaims, it's not the severity of the punishment which matters, but the certainty. Becarrin could not have been more concise.

Bentham explains the Panopticon. He drapes a ladder with a shroud, places a bowler hat on top of it and disappears behind. Silence descends: the prisoner stares at the ladder, we stare at the ladder; and it begins to stare back at us. Quick as a wink, Bentham appears behind the prisoner's back, smiling benignly at his terror. It's not being watched that matters, it's thinking you're being watched.

The nineteenth-century setting does not blunt the address to the present. When Lacenaire mounts the scaffolds on the back of all the bourgeois who have come to bask in his abuse, the play brings home the masochism of public fascination with the radical criminal, the Eldridge Cleavers of the recent past. When Vidocq slavers over the severed hand of a recent reprobate, the spotlight of theatre turns its beam on our strange absorption in the gory careers of men such as Dennis Nilsen and Peter Sutcliffe.

There are moments when the brimming invention of the art almost overwhelms the matter, but a less frenzied pacing would put this right. I can remember few evenings when theatre and history combined to give such intelligent fun.

## Cathedrals of freedom and misery

John Hope Mason

Der Ring zum Gesamtkunstwerk  
Schloss Charlottenburg, Berlin

When Wagner fled from Germany in 1849, after the failure of the revolutionary rising in Dresden, he took refuge in Zürich. It was there that he worked out the principles of his distinctive form of opera, the Gesamtkunstwerk. Having done this he expanded his "grand heroic opera" *Siegfried's Tod* into the massive and unprecedented four-opera sequence of the *Ring*. From this time on Wagner's career became a crusade to realize his vision. The years in Zürich set the pattern which the rest of his life was to follow.

It was therefore appropriate that the Zürich Kunsthau, with assistance from numerous other organizations, should celebrate the centenary of Wagner's death with this exhibition about the general tendency towards, or propensity for, the Gesamtkunstwerk. (It has since been seen in Düsseldorf and Vienna, and is in Berlin until February 19.) The exhibition brings together an immense variety of material which is both enjoyable in itself and also shows Wagner's work in many different perspectives.

The idea of a union of all the arts had occurred before in opera's brief history. What made the Gesamtkunstwerk different was its necessity both for musical progress and for modern society. After Beethoven, argued Wagner, music drama was not just a possible option, it was the only way forward. And opera should be the vehicle for the profoundest truths, the most elevated spiritual reflection. The new work of art was complete or total not only in its use of all the arts but in its attention to all the important issues.

The work of art is a living presentation of

religion", wrote Wagner. This religious dimension was a central feature of the Gesamtkunstwerk and the one image that runs through this exhibition is that of the cathedral. The first exhibit is a copy of a painting by the Berlin architect Karl Friedrich Schinkel of an imaginary Gothic cathedral. It arose out of Schinkel's plans for a Cathedral of Freedom, intended to be the symbol and focus of both national and religious feeling. This association of art, religion and nationalism, which Schinkel shared with his German Romantic contemporaries, had a formative influence on Wagner.

Among the other cathedrals in the exhibition are Cheval's Palais Idéal and the hanging model for Gaudí's church at Colonia Güell. The first was the life's work of a French post-man; it is an extraordinary creation, bringing archaic styles of architecture together with eccentric but inspired effect. The second, seen here in a dazzling reconstruction (the original was destroyed in 1936), displays the sublime simplicity behind the often excessive elaboration of Gaudí's designs. Its transcendent vision contrasts sharply with two post-First World War works — Schwitter's Cathedral of Erotic Misery and Tatlin's Monument for the Third International.

A model of Wagner's own cathedral, the theatre at Bayreuth, is also exhibited. Architecturally, of course, it looks more like a brewery on the outside and a concert hall on the inside, but it is not wrong to see it as a cathedral. For Wagner, as for most of his leading characters, the yearning is for redemption. And the eventual homecoming is in the religious ritual of *Parzifal*, a "sacred" work for which, he told Ludwig II, a theatre would have to be "consecrated". Only Bayreuth was suitable and only there was the work to be performed.

The work of art is a living presentation of

## Magic for Max

Rupert Christiansen

OLIVER KNUSSSEN  
Where the Wild Things Are  
Lyttelton Theatre

When Maurice Sendak's children's picture book *Where the Wild Things Are* was first published in America in 1962, it provoked a considerable amount of outrage among mid-west librarians, bawling child psychologists and legions of "concerned parents" anxious to preserve the plotless of child-rearing: why was Max allowed to show such violent resentment against his mother? How could a responsible children's writer show a mother taking revenge on a small boy by locking him in his room without any supper? And where was the comforting reconciliation? "From their earliest years children live on familiar terms with disarming emotions", Sendak retorted. "It is through fantasy that children achieve catharsis." Later he let it be known that the monsters in the book had been based on the Jewish relatives who had dominated his Brooklyn childhood, and that the stark emotional framework of anger, desire for domination, isolation and all-consuming hunger had been drawn directly from his own fund of unresolved feelings.

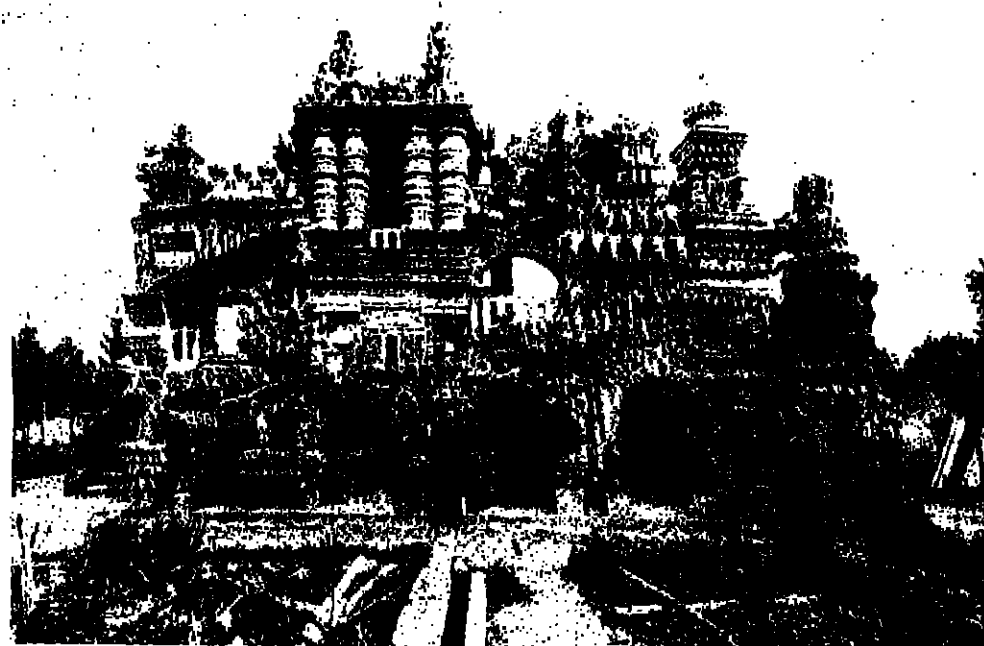
In this remarkable new one-act opera, with libretto and designs by Sendak himself and an orchestral score by Oliver Knussen, the *Wild Things* are still gabbling in Brooklyn. Yet, but something of the book's original terror has been sacrificed. The expansion of 350 words to a scenario which fills forty-five minutes is not altogether successful: Max, for instance, loses some of his impact when he is made to talk. His wailing poetical over the moon and his moon's cooking, addresses the *Wild Things* as "my sweeties", and becomes altogether too sweet. All the valiant efforts of a diminutive Max to suppress his feelings are lost in the necessary illusion of a boy's world. The necessary illusion of a boy's world is the most satisfying part of the opera. Then Knussen unceremoniously fails to deliver a *Wild Rumpus* anything like the anarchic and ex-

hausting climax it should be: instead there is a protracted and orderly little minuet between Max and the Wild Things, accompanied by music which feebly echoes *Le Sacre du printemps* and tinkles away prettily. What is badly needed at this point in the score is a trumping unmistakable tune of the sort Debussy punched into *Jeu* or Prokofiev used in *The Love of Three Oranges*. Without it, an audience will find it difficult to grasp Max's sudden access of ennui, and in a span of forty-five minutes, there is no room for such a major miscalculation.

And yet it is impossible not to be overwhelmed by the splendour and charm of the opera. Sendak avoids the half-baked whimsy of Hockney's sets for *L'Enfant et les sorillages* (a work to which Knussen acknowledges an obvious debt) and prefers the grotesque to the chic and allusive, remaining resolutely unsophisticated however intricate the draughtsmanship: the Wild Things are enormous winsome creatures, grumpy rather than hostile, with rolling eyes and a touching desire to play; Max's bedroom sprouts a forest with the simplest of theatrical magic; pieces of scenery rise and fall with gratifying regularity; and (except in the Rumpus scene) Knussen complements Sendak with music of unremitting energy and invention. If the Wild Things ensemble carries on like something out of one of Berlioz's collage-pieces, bidding farewell to Max in purest barber-shop harmony, this is never over-artful; and the strong orchestral perfume of the Diaghilev, ballets, Ravel and Mussorgsky comes across, not as the barren flappings of a film score, but as part of a fertile and generous musical idiom. The singers and the London Sinfonietta, conducted by the composer, perform with confidence in an awkward acoustic.

There is more to come at Glyndebourne in the autumn. Sendak claims that he has "freaked out on the whole opera business" apart from the Glyndebourne *Love of Three Oranges*. He has also recently designed *The Magic Flute* and *The Cunning Little Vixen*. His operatic partners are now finishing a companion piece, *Higgles Piggy Pop*, which may be wholly different, the most satisfying form of artifice. Then Knussen unceremoniously fails to deliver a *Wild Rumpus* anything like the anarchic and ex-

## COMMENTARY



The Palais Idéal de la Faculté Cheval at Journe, 1924: the north side, showing the pelican grotto, the deer grotto and the grotto of stones; a photograph from the exhibition reviewed here and reproduced in its catalogue (51pp. Aarn: Sauerländer. 3 7941 2445 6).

For a brief period in Wagner's life his religious aspirations were expressed not in different kinds of retreat from the world but in hopes for its regeneration. The Gesamtkunstwerk could transform reality, which is why this exhibition is subtitled "European Utopias since 1800". In this perspective Wagner's Bayreuth is set between Robert Owen's New Harmony or Fourier's La Phalanstère and Rudolf Steiner's Goetheanum. In the Zürich writings Wagner pushed to their limit his ideas of regeneration and with them in mind it is almost (though not quite) possible to see him going beyond art altogether. The exhibition suggests this possibility by including brief exhibits on Thoreau and John Cage.

The fact that such hopes were possible, and that such ambitious works as the *Ring* could be considered not as ideals but as actualities, was due to the decisive factor behind so many nineteenth-century projects: the sense of power. The relationship between Wagner and power is crucial to an understanding not only of his purpose in his work (it is the central theme of the *Ring*) but of what that work amounts to. Wagner's abiding problem was not that he was against the contemporary world because it enthroned power; rather it was that he himself experienced and expressed that power. And not in an accidental or occasional way. The sense of power was a vital and ineradicable part of him. Bayreuth would never have been built

and his works staged there if that had not been the case.

The obvious parallel here is with his contemporary, Marx. Both men were obsessed by power, both personally and as a fact of their world. Both had an unshakeable sense of mission and devoted themselves selflessly and tyrannically to the pursuit of that mission. Both grappled with the problem of power but in both this problem is unresolved. This exhibition overlooks these parallels with Marx and for this element in the Gesamtkunstwerk we have to turn to Marinetti and D'Annunzio. But perhaps this is no bad thing. It is a relief to consider this issue in a humorous way rather than in terms of the Third Reich. An exhibit on Syberberg allows for the latter.

In the end, of course, Wagner was only a man of theatre and opera. This aspect of his work is shown by some of Appia's designs and with material from Schoenberg and Kandinsky, Oskar Schlemmer, the Dadaists, Artaud, Piscator, and others. Many of the exhibits, however, fit into no single category, and that is inevitable. The impulse behind the Gesamtkunstwerk was to go beyond the limits of every individual art or category and this exhibition is remarkably successful in doing that. The final impression is not at all one of incoherence. It is, rather, amazement at the persistence of the ideal in the face of an intractable world. But in those days everyone believed in progress.

## AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 157

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send the answers so that they reach this office not later than February 10. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct — in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 157" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on February 17.

1 Write in the words faintly because you may have to alter them.  
And be warned. When the puzzle is solved, and like a satisfied lover

You lean back sighing and sleepy, then you will find That the black squares hide the secrets that you will never uncover.

2 Naturally, with this hobby in common, the young people saw a great deal of one another; for George was always looking in at the vicarage to ask her if she knew a word of seven letters meaning "appertaining to the profession of plumbing", and Susan was just as constant a caller at George's cosy little cottage — being frequently stumped, as girls will be, by words of eight letters signifying "largely used in the manufacture of poppet-valves".

3 Ninety-nine down: a one-letter word meaning something indefinite.  
The indefinite article or — would it perhaps be the personal pronoun?  
But what runs across it? Four-letter word meaning something.

With a bias to its opposite, the second letter Must be the same as the one-letter word . . .

Competition No 154

Twelve entries were submitted, and the winner is Helen Wheeler.

Answers:

1 That done, I turned to the Forrest of Deane, in Speede's Maps, and there Sir John Winter showed me how it lies; and the Lea-bay with the great charge of carrying it to Lydney, and many other things worth my knowing.

"Samuel Pepys, diary, June 20, 1662.  
2 What others have with cheapness scene and ease In Varnish maps; by th' helpe of Compasses: Or made in Volumes, and those Bookes with all their Inge Narrations, Inconceivable Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre." Robert Herrick, "To His Brother Nicholas Herrick".

3 He had brought a large map representing the sea. Without the least vestige of land; And the crew were much pleased when they found It to be

A map they could all understand.  
Lewis Carroll, *The Hunting of the Snark*, fit the second.

The D. H. Lawrence Society has recently announced an annual literary competition for young writers: the Muriel Hawksworth Memorial Prize for an essay of not more than 2,000 words on an aspect of Lawrence's life or work, open to those aged twenty-three and under on July 1, 1984. Details may be had from Andrew Cooper, Editor, *D. H. Lawrence Society Journal*, 25 Mapperley Street, Sherwood, Notts NG5 4DE.

## The TLS Christmas Quiz: the solution

We knew it was hard, but we didn't know it was that hard. Almost everyone remembered Mr Potter. Dr Johnson, J. H. Christie and Sir Pitt Crawley, and though no one identified the details of a painting by Signorelli, the picture question featured to be fully dealt with. An astonishing variety of literary writers, on the other hand, were thought to have fought a duel in Green Park, and hardly anyone seemed to remember their Pope, their Clough or their Larkin. The winner, as last time (1979), is J. R. Maddock of Exeter College, Oxford, who scored 50 out of a possible 94; he receives the £100 prize. Runners-up are Janine Dakyns of Norwich, who scored 43, and Miss A. Charles of South Harrow, who scored 40. Our thanks to all the other competitors, and better luck next time.

1 (a) Max, in Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*; (b) Mole and Rat in *The Wind in the Willows*; (c) Charles Snyde, as described, for example, in P. N. Furbank's *E. M. Forster: A Life*, Volume 1, page 133; (d) Ann, in *The Famous Five* by Enid Blyton; (e) Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act 4, scene 7.

2 (a) *Paradise Lost*, Book 10; (b) *Disabling Unit*, by William Boyd; (c) *Enigma*, by E. Nesbit; (d) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (e) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (f) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (g) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (h) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (i) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (j) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (k) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (l) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (m) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (n) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (o) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (p) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (q) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (r) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (s) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (t) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (u) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (v) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (w) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (x) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (y) *Pericles*, by Signorelli; (z) *Pericles*, by Signorelli.

3 (a) Samuel Johnson, in Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*; (b) an established mid-eighteenth-century author like Fielding or Thomson, according to Macaulay; (c) the men of central Terra del Fuoco, in Darwin's *Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle*, chapter 10; (d) T. H. Hulley, from his "Autobiography" in *Notes and Essays*; (e) Reginald Weller, in *Our Mutual Friend*, chapter 4; (f) M. Deacon, in Anthony Powell's *A Glastonbury Market*, chapter 1; (g) Mary Threlkeld, in Aldous Huxley's *Those Barren Ladies*, chapter 1; (h) Mabel Waring, in *The*

New Dress" by Virginia Woolf; (c) Jehane Saint-Pol, in Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Year-and-Nay*, chapter 1; (d) Villienne Copes, in Kingsley Amis's *Girl*, 20, chapter 2.

10 (a) Miss Tennant, at a dinner-party of the Randolph Churchills, in Margot Asquith's *Alma-Blossie*, chapter 3; (b) Monsieur Leblanc "for a little walk" in Aden, in Evelyn Waugh's *When the Going Was Good*, chapter 3.

11 (a) Charles Potter's new straw helmet and frock-coat at Broadstairs, in *The Diary of a Nipper* by George and Woodrow Grossmith; (b) "Soppy-stern" in Philip Larkin's "This Be The Verse"; (c) the Moth, in Vernon Scannell's "The Moth"; (d) "I was not anxious to go", the opening sentence of Edmund Blunden's *Underones of War*.

12 Graham Greene's *The Lawless Roads*, about Mexico, takes its title from a poem by Edwin Muir.

13 James MacPherson.

14 J. H. Christie killed John Scott who had insulted J. G. Lockhart, biographer of Sir Walter Scott, in 1821.

15 All national poets, Edward Hall in "The Epic" by Tennyson; Greg Bilbow in *A Good Man in Africa* by William Boyd; Winona Bookers in *Yankee* by Ronald Firbank and Casimir Lypnit in *Little Boy* by Aldous Huxley.

16 (a) Gertrude Stein, set by Ned Rorem; (b) Lord Berners, set by himself.

17 (a) Babar the Elephant; (b) the Barabares, in *The Treasure Seekers* by E. Nesbit; (c) the Browns and Puddington Bear; (d) Leo Colston's hosts in *The Go-Between* by L. P. Hartley; (e) Margot Beate, Cheateynole, in *Decline and Fall* by Evelyn Waugh; (f) Sir Pitt Crawley in *The Ragged Dicks* by J. G. Lockhart; (g) *The Fox in the Aike* by Richard Hughes.

18 Alfred.

19 Sir Luff Leadbetter, W. A. Duff, Romilly Craze and Delmar Blow were all architects.

20 *The Col*, in Rudyard Kipling's "The Puzzer" 21 Edgar Allan Poe.

22 (a) Sonley MacLean; (b) Doris Thompson; (c) John Colinton Smith.

23 (a) André Gide; (b) Rousseau; (c) Bossuet; (d) Edith Wharton; (e) Chateaubriand; (f) George Sand.

24 William McGonagall.

25 (a) Mr Woodhouse, in *Emma* by Jane Austen; (b) Mrs Rabbit, in *Peter Rabbit* by Beatrix Potter.

26 The playing-fields of Eton: Montague Rhodes James (Provost of Eton College), Cyril Argentine Allington (Headmaster) and Claude Aurelius Elliott (both).

27 (a) at Witley Park, Surrey; (b) at Cragside, Northumberland; (c) at Friar Park, Henley-on-Thames, described here by Lady Ottoline Morrell, and quoted by Nikolaus Pevsner and Jennifer Sherwood in *Oxfordshire*.

28 (a) Arthur Ransome; (b) the Thornton and Fernandez children, with Captain Marpole, in Richard Hughes's *A High Wind in Jahaiat*; (c) Edward Lear's Jumbles.

29 Enrique Granados went down in the channel steamer *Sussex* and Lord Kitchener in HMS *Hampshire*, both in 1916.

30 Paulus Pleydell, in Scott's *Guy Rimmering*, chapter 37.

31 (a) Sergei Aksakov; (b) Mary MacCarthy; (c) Leo Tolstoy; (d) L. E. Jones; (e) Lord Berners; (f) A. L. Rowse.

32 1906.

33 (a) "Penance" in the Seven Sacraments, second series; (b) Luca Signorelli, "Saint Benedict reproaches the monks for having transgressed the rule of eating in an inn"; (c) Dürer, "The Birth of Christ"; (d) Murillo, "Marriage at Cana"; (e) Peter Buechel the Elder, "Village Wedding"; (f) Botticelli, "Moses helps the daughters of Jethro".

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The



# Making converts to the cause

Patrick McCarthy

SUSAN RUBIN SULEIMAN  
*Authoritarian Fictions: The ideological novel as a literary genre*  
 299pp. Columbia University Press. \$39 (paperback, \$16.50).  
 0231.05492.0

As her sub-title indicates, Susan Rubin Suleiman here examines the *roman à thèse* as a genre and uses her conclusions to interpret the work of Bourget, Barrès, Malraux, Nizan, Mauriac and other French writers. She begins with a sensible definition of a genre, as a theoretical structure associated with a particular historical juncture. In this case the dramas of the post-Dreyfus years and of the Third Republic's decline in the 1930s helped to create a novel which sought to impose one particular view of the world.

Ms Suleiman concentrates on the characteristics of this novel rather than on its historical context. She points out that it is monological rather than dialogical, that its discourse contains deliberate redundancy in order to reduce ambiguity and that it offers an explicit doctrine. There is an intersection between historical reality and fiction as the reader is to be converted to Catholicism, Communism, Fascism or whichever ism the novelist favours. Although her book is in the mainstream of American academic criticism, Suleiman conducts a running argument with other critics, especially with the *Tel Quel* group, whose concept of the "scriptible" work of art - which is multiple, polyphonic and the like - would banish the lowly *roman à thèse* from serious writing. She demonstrates not so much that it does have its place in literature as that it can be successfully explained by contemporary literary criticism, which is good to know.

Although she notes that the *roman à thèse* emerges in periods of "sharp social and ideological conflicts", Suleiman does not delve into French political or cultural history. She certainly does not lack knowledge but she probably could have taken another book to explain how ideological novels were thrown up by certain conflicts rather than by others. Did the 1870 war and the Commune produce similar writing? Might one argue that Zola's *La Débâcle*, the later plays of Dumas fils and Valéry's *L'insurgé* have much in common with Bourget and Barrès? Zola is a particularly interesting case because, as Suleiman argues, the *roman à thèse* emerges out of realist fiction so that his later novels might provide the link between the two.

It is tempting to draw parallels between the *roman à thèse* and another authoritarian genre which flourished at precisely the same period -

the pamphlet. No writers are less dialogical than the pamphleteers, whose world is a murderous struggle between absolutes of good and evil and who seek to bludgeon the reader into submission. Of course the pamphlet warns the reader against something whereas the *roman à thèse* should convert him to something, and the pamphlet is a torrent of emotion whereas the *roman à thèse* is at least superficially rational; but these may be differences of tactics rather than of strategy. One of Suleiman's authors, Paul Nizan, wrote a classic pamphlet, *Les Chiens de garde*, which is a diatribe against Sorbonne philosophy.

But did Nizan convert anyone? Some of these authors exerted enormous if diffuse and occasionally contradictory influence; Barrès won countless young Frenchmen over to nationalism in the years before and after 1914. But precisely because contemporary readers recognized both the pamphlet and the *roman à thèse* as genres they were less likely to confuse history and fiction. Literary critics create a personage called "The Reader" who is diligent, sophisticated and quite unlike the scruffy, lazy people who read books on trains or in bed. But it may be wrong to assume that the former is lucid and the latter naïve. Contemporary non-professional readers lived the contradictions of that historical reality which the ideological novel oversimplifies and this engendered in them a certain scepticism. They may have noted, for example, that the diehard Communist, Nizan, was snapped up by Gallimard, then the most polyphonic of publishing houses. The NRF label on Nizan's books acted as a contextual text that invited people to filter his Marxism through Gide's irony.

Suleiman notes that the *roman à thèse* is frequently not good political writing. Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme* and Balzac's *Les Paysans* are superb political novels because they dramatize the clashes of ideas or of parties in such a way as to lay bare the warring social groups. In the manichean world of the ideological novel the balance is tilted so far in favour of one protagonist that the others are turned into dummies and society appears static. To take an English example, Orwell's *Animal Farm*, while it offers a brisk and salutary lesson about power, is less good political writing than *Coming up for Air*, where the narrator is pupil rather than teacher. Trapped by the economic constraints of the lower-middle classes as well as by their ideology and their false sense of the past, he struggles with partial success to become aware of his historical situation.

Most people would agree that the *roman à thèse* is not good writing at all and Suleiman seems to agree that in its purest form it is not. The most interesting chapter of her book de-

scribes how the genre may be "subverted" by its best practitioners: Mauriac has God on his side but divine grace operates in such mysterious and democratic ways that God is a better ally for the novelist than for the ideologue. Suleiman rescues both Nizan and Mauriac from Sartre and it might have been worth discussing his articles on them, where he argues precisely that Catholics and Communists tend to write bad novels because their characters are deprived of their freedom by an authoritarian narrator who is unable to appeal to the reader's freedom. Much of Sartre's energy over the decade which separates these articles from *Qu'est-ce que la littérature?* (1948) was spent devising the theory and practice of a committed political writing based on that appeal to freedom.

Suleiman, who includes a neat interpretation of "L'Enfance d'un chef" as a parody of the *roman à thèse*, argues that Nizan's Communism was not dogmatic in *La Conspiration* and that the apprentice-militant, LaFargue, is a rounded character who is brought to an awareness of his condition as a man rather than as a party-member. This is true, but one feels that Suleiman is a little too eager to demonstrate that Nizan is a good novelist only in so far as he is not a Communist. This leads one to the dangerous ground of ideology and Suleiman has already warned us, invoking her own battery of authorities, from Raymond Williams to Roland Barthes, that every statement is ideological so that no one should cast the first stone.

If this be true, then the reviewer can only admit that he too participates in this original sin and declare that from his ideological standpoint (which is either eclectic and petty bourgeois or else fellow-travelling, depending on the reader's standpoint) Suleiman is betraying her own conventional anti-Communism. More sensibly, my argument would be that she might have shown more imaginative sympathy for the Communism which enabled Nizan to give shape to the furious despair that oppressed him in his youth and which Simone de Beauvoir describes so vividly in her memoirs. In his writings Communism is not merely a didactic zeal but takes many forms. In *La Conspiration*, for example, it provides a viewpoint from which Nizan can satirize the young, would-be revolutionaries and so contribute towards the bitter comedy that enlivens the book.

Similarly, Suleiman is rather too quick to dismiss Nizan's most Communist novel, *Le Cheval de Troie*, as a simple *roman à thèse*. In so far as it depicts the Fascist enemy this is true, but Nizan has seen the possibilities which were offered to the novelist by the Communist belief that fresh and constantly changing forms of struggle would be invented by the working

class and its vanguard, the CP. In *Le Cheval de Troie* the various militants from whose viewpoint much of the novel is told are striving to anticipate these new forms. They may be certain that Fascism will be defeated and Socialism achieved but they are unsure how this will be done. *Le Cheval de Troie* remains an interesting historical oddity: a novel which shows how Communism might have created new and open-ended forms of writing if Stalin, who, unlike God, was no friend to novelists, had not imposed his simplistic brand of social realism.

One might have the same argument about Malraux's *L'Espoir*, although this is a more complex matter. Lucien Goldmann asserted that Malraux's emphasis on efficacy destroyed any real sense of community, although the Communist novel was supposed to inject such a sense into a genre that had hitherto dealt with individual destinies. To Goldmann, Malraux was a Stalinist. One can understand this judgment when one remembers that Goldmann, who was writing in 1964, was struggling to adapt Marxist criticism to modern culture and had to contend with the inveterate conservatism of the French Communist Party. Small wonder that he saw Stalinists under every stone.

Suleiman corrects Goldmann to the extent of insisting that in *L'Espoir* efficacy is adopted reluctantly and only in order to defeat the Fascists, so that it has a tragic dimension. Perhaps, but it is a tragedy that Malraux welcomes. For sacrifice and the obliteration of self in the name of a cause make the act a more intense experience. The meditation on confronting death and on realizing oneself by the manner of one's death, which Malraux had undertaken in *La Condition humaine*, is carried further by the concept of efficacy. The tragic dimension stems from the dehumanization but also from the heroism which marks the evolution of the apprentice-Communist, Manuel. Clearly it is difficult for anyone writing in the aftermath of Stalinism to perceive in such efficacy more than the party's brutal opportunism. But in the 1930s "Bolshevik man" was an interesting new variant on the traditional heroes of fiction and he, along with the concomitant sense of a community where people had more duties than rights, is one, albeit only one, reason for Malraux's influence.

Such quibbles do not detract from the value of Ms Suleiman's thoughtful book, which has perhaps been itself subverted. After proving conclusively that the ideological novel is, despite its unfashionable referentiality, a worthy subject for contemporary criticism, she has also demonstrated that authors of ideological novels are often better novelists than ideologues.

instance, that his famous change of literary front was an act of sheer political opportunism - but defends him against none. At one point, by slipshod misquotation, he establishes what he calls Lanson's "férocité". The reader feels sometimes that Compagnon has gone for the man not the ball, and would not be surprised to learn that this Eminent Edwardian was guilty of other unmentionable misdemeanours, like possessing an unconscious or having public hair.

It is a received idea that Lanson read Proust in old age and, in a footnote appended to his *Quelques mots sur l'explication de textes*, doubted an article of his own faith: the existence in any text of "un sens permanent et commun". It is remarkable that, in quoting Lanson's text, Compagnon omits the key sentence: which makes sense of the footnote. Reinstating the sentence, one sees that what Lanson doubted was not the existence of an authorial meaning, but his belief that even those who doubted his method could not doubt the existence of that meaning. As for Proust's notions on reading ("chaque lecteur est, quand il lit, le propre lecteur de soi-même"), being no more than a restatement of Lanson's complaint about inefficient readers, they could only confirm him in his long-held view: "ils lisent et ils oublient, alors qu'ils croient lire l'auteur".

The Proust and Flaubert sections of the book are both stimulating and marred by errors of fact. The first is an ingenious reading of the theme of reading - but it shows that the author himself has a certain difficulty with reading: at several points, he confuses the Narrator's grandmother with his grand'aunt and ascribes to her a view on reading that Proust does not; he misreads Pléiade, I, 579, by applying to Bergotte; instead of to Gilberte, the verbalizations of the Narrator, then by relating them to reading, which Proust does not; and on three occasions he refers to the *prince de Guermantes* instead of the *duc*. The Flaubert piece is even more invigorating. It finds traces of the influence of Taine in *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and reads that novel as a symptom of Flaubert's anxiety at the advent of universal suffrage. However, although less faulty on details, it too confirms the suspicion that Compagnon is a reader who at times cannot see the trees for the wood.

It must be added that the volume should have received much better editorial treatment: it contains many misprints (at times whole lines have been dropped); and the usefulness to scholars of a book as lengthy and detailed as this is immeasurably impaired by its lack of an index and a proper bibliography.

*A Half-Century of 'Celline': an Annotated Bibliography, 1932-1982*, edited by Stanley B. Luce and William K. Buckley (Chicago, New York: Garland Publishing, \$39, 0824030914).

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## Indirect rulers

Roland Oliver

MARGERY PERHAM  
*West African Passage: A Journey through Nigeria, Chad, and the Cameroons, 1931-1932*  
 Edited by A. H. M. Kirk-Greene  
 245pp. Peter Owen. £12.  
 072060609.8

Tropical Africa has a literature of exploration second to none. Most of it, obviously, is pre-colonial, but some spills over into the early colonial period before 1914, when there were still large regions that were scarcely administered, and when even the daily experiences of official or missionary pioneers held a romantic flavour of contact with the unknown. Again, as Africa moved towards independence in the 1950s and 60s, it became once more newsworthy enough to be observed by excellent travel writers like John Gunther and Elspeth Huxley, and visited regularly by specialist foreign correspondents like Oliver Woods of *The Times*, André Blanchet of *Le Monde* and Colin Legum of *The Observer*.

Between the two world wars, however, colonial Africa attracted little attention from literary outsiders. The last little wars of conquest were over. The railway carriage and the motor lorry had largely replaced the caravans of head-loaded porters. Even in "the heart of darkness" rubber was no longer "red". There was little scandal and even less opposition. From West Africa a tiny handful of students had gone to learn radical discontent abroad, but few had as yet returned. Some notable commissions investigated and reported, beginning with Phelps-Stokes and ending with Lord Hailey. But, by and large, this was the brief period when European colonial civil servants had things their own way, and they were good at discouraging unwanted observers of their work and their relations with their subjects. Except for one tall young woman from Oxford, who always travelled with the very best of introductions.

From 1929 until 1931 Margery Perham was busily converting herself from the safe but con-

fining life of a history don to the more adventurous but quite uncharted role of an expert in colonial administration. A series of travelling fellowships took her first to the Pacific and then to South, East and West Africa. Her travel diaries were probably never intended for publication. They were "letter diaries", written to a small circle of intimate friends. They contained the impressions from which she worked up a number of brilliant "turnover" articles for *The Times*, and in the case of Nigeria the raw materials for her first scholarly book, *Native Administration in Nigeria*, which succeeded Lugard's *Dual Mandate* as the classic text-book on Indirect Rule in practice. The East African diary she worked on in retirement and published in her eighty-first year. The West African diary she turned to only as her health was failing, and she finally entrusted it to her friend Anthony Kirk-Greene, who has brought it out as a fitting memorial to her life and work.

The volume certainly makes fascinating reading at several levels. Not least is its picture of the predicament of a lone young woman loose in a man's world. In this Mary Kingsley, and for that matter Mary Slessor, had long preceded her, but theirs had been a less firmly established, more fluid situation. In Margery Perham's time there were 450 white rulers for a population reckoned at 20 millions, but hardly any wives. The governor was unmarried. A few of his senior officers had spouses who appeared for a few months in each year. The juniors were all single. Only a few years earlier, the young Charles Arden-Clarke had described in a letter to his mother how, when visited in his camp near the middle Benue by another young cadet, the pair of them had danced foxtrots all night under the stars, keeping their pipes in their mouths to preserve respectability. Margery Perham was the friend and protégée of the governor. Motor-cars were sent great distances to meet her, and grand dinner-parties were arranged in her honour. But where was she to sleep? And, above all in the Muslim north, how was it to be explained to the local emir, the ruler of one or even two million subjects, that this young white woman wished

to discuss with him his professional relations with the British resident? Mutterings there certainly were, and the resident in Maiduguri actually refused all cooperation, even to the reading of the confidential files in his office. But *solvitur ambulando* was the general watchword, and in the event the young woman did not let them down. She could ride, and she could camp, and she usually ended up with an invitation to visit the emir's harem.

As might be imagined, the diary published fifty years after the event is franker than the text-book which was its immediate issue. Not that the text-book was all that mealy-mouthed. The Alafin of Oyo, it noted, "sat upon a throne of crimson and gold, obtained at Hamptons", and he "appeared to have three or four hundred wives, a body of eunuchs, and about 500 so-called slaves, though these are old slaves who find it profitable to stay in his service, or younger people seeking service and advancement". The diary, however, reports the resident at Oyo, Ward-Price, as a man very pessimistic about the country when the mood is on him. At the moment he tells me what abuses are suspected: women filched away to the Afir - the ruler's palace; extortions by his wives and slaves; recalcitrant chiefs made to sit at the Alafin's door for days in the sun until they collapse; girls seized and brought in to the Afir as securities for debts. When the resident goes to the Alafin about such matters, the man says in his suave tones "Do not be foolish. Keep perfectly calm. Do not believe these lies of my enemies: wait until you have proof." Or, more ominously, "Send the complainants to me". And apparently there is nothing more to be done.

So much for the "indirect system" as practised in Yorubaland after nearly forty years of colonial rule.

The part of the diary which is not at all reflected in the text-book is that which deals with Margery Perham's excursions into the neighbouring French territories of Tchad and Cameroun. Fort Lamy (the modern Njamena) was a real shock to her. Not only was she not invited to stay by the governor, but she was put to share some inferior accommodation with a French couple who quarrelled noisily all night.

The contrast really is very marked. In an English station practically every official, even some of the

most junior, has a car. Here there do not seem to be any; people walk or are drawn by Africans in little wheeled chairs. Clothes are to match: most of the officials I have so far seen look rather dishevelled. Even the *chef du cabinet* needs shaving. The houses are mostly small affairs of brick and rather slowly tiles, poorly built with little attempt even at neat compounds, not to speak of gardens. Many of the houses are smaller and inferior to those we supply to our senior native clerks.

She observed that a quarter of the children in the government school were of mixed race, and received the explanation that six out of ten of the French officials in the station had relations with African women. No wonder, as Governor de Coppet himself claimed to her, that the French knew much more about the natives than their British counterparts. And the result of this knowledge was to strengthen the Frenchman's philosophical preference for a system of direct rule. "Your officers know only what the chiefs tell them: they cannot know how much extortion and abuse goes on. It is true, as you say, that our interpreters and village heads may abuse their powers, but not for long. As no one fears them, complaints soon come, and the guilty are punished or changed." De Coppet, she noted, had been ten years in Tchad, with only a single visit to France on leave. He volunteered the opinion that the majority of his officers were in Africa because they could not get jobs in France. He claimed, on the one hand, that every Frenchman had a dozen Africans whom he could call friends, and on the other that there was not a single African fit to conduct a court of justice.

After this interview, Margery Perham walked thoughtfully back to her shabby lodgings by the light of a hurricane-lamp, comparing the French with her British compatriots. No Englishman, she reflected, would have left her to do this alone. "But I was interested in more important comparisons: with the hard brilliance of the French mind, with the breadth of interest and culture only possible in a man who fills his leisure with reading, instead of with golf and polo and hours of stale local chat round the drink-table." She did not like French Africa; I do not think she ever returned there. But she respected it.

## The Lanson line

James Grieve

ANTOINETTE COMPAGNON  
*La Troisième République des lettres, de Flaubert à Proust*  
 384pp. Paris: Seuil. 120 fr.  
 020.00658.5

"Il ne veut pas que l'on fasse l'histoire des historiens", carped Péguy. The bulk of this book, sub-titled "Gustave Lanson, l'homme et l'écrivain", is an attempt to write the history of one of those influential professors whom Péguy attacked, whose rise in the academic world in the middle years of the Third Republic was inseparable from the growth in intellectual prestige of *l'école littéraire*. This main section is followed by a thirty-page essay on Proust and a sixty-page discussion of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.

Antoinette Compagnon believes that we are nearing the end of an interlude in literary study, during which an ahistorical theoreticism has made itself intrude into a discipline which, over the last century, had been becoming more and more historically based. Her book is an attempt to enlighten the present by examining the immediate past. Her conclusion is that the *histoire littéraire* had always turned a blind eye to several relations to its predecessor. This will, I imagine, be seen as an *impasse* by a chicken that is now coming home to roost.

The section on Lanson draws upon no unpublished sources (one suspects there must be masses of them); it consists of a synthesis of previous accounts and viewpoints. That in itself may be a significant achievement - although the author guardedly deprecates it as "de la petite histoire" - and I certainly think that M Compagnon's account of the rise of *le lansonisme* is largely coherent and full of interest. However, I am unclear about how this verbalization of the *impasse* will manage to exorcize it. On the one hand, the author takes the view that Lansonism was, historically speaking, determined largely by the aftermath of the Dreyfus Affair. On the other, he believes (literary) history may repeat itself. But how that could be, without a replay of the Third Republic in the 1990s, he does not tell us.

Compagnon intends to offer not only a study of the ascendancy of *l'école littéraire*, but "une explication du discrédit général qu'elle est tombée". He reports different accounts of its decline, offered in the 1920s and 30s; and he favours that of Audiat. But this explains neither the decline nor the fact that the next important development in critical thinking did not catch on for another thirty to forty years.

Compagnon gives the impression at times that he is out to convict Lanson of bad faith, turpitude and worse. He recounts all the scurrilous and damaging accusations made against him by Béghy, Lasserre and others - for

instance, that his famous change of literary front was an act of sheer political opportunism - but defends him against none. At one point, by slipshod misquotation, he establishes what he calls Lanson's "férocité". The reader feels sometimes that Compagnon has gone for the man not the ball, and would not be surprised to learn that this Eminent Edwardian was guilty of other unmentionable misdemeanours, like possessing an unconscious or having public hair.

It is a received idea that Lanson read Proust in old age and, in a footnote appended to his *Quelques mots sur l'explication de textes*, doubted an article of his own faith: the existence in any text of "un sens permanent et commun". It is remarkable that, in quoting Lanson's text, Compagnon omits the key sentence: which makes sense of the footnote. Reinstating the sentence, one sees that what Lanson doubted was not the existence of an authorial meaning, but his belief that even those who doubted his method could not doubt the existence of that meaning. As for Proust's notions on reading ("chaque lecteur est, quand il lit, le propre lecteur de soi-même"), being no more than a restatement of Lanson's complaint about inefficient readers, they could only confirm him in his long-held view: "ils lisent et ils oublient, alors qu'ils croient lire l'auteur".

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## Imperialist play things

Kenneth Ingham

MAHMOOD MAMDANI  
*Imperialism and Fascism in Uganda*  
 115pp. Heinemann Educational. Paperback, £2.95.  
 043596503.4

What a pity Mahmood Mamdani did not stick to narrative instead of indulging in polemic. His *Imperialism and Fascism in Uganda* contains an important indictment of the attitudes of both Western and Eastern powers towards Uganda. But, as the title indicates, it is more concerned with proving a threadbare theory than with looking at all sides of the problem. To his credit, Mamdani admits he is biased. Too much bias, however, as every bowler player knows, deflects the wood away from the jack rather than towards it. If Mamdani's target is historical truth then his book falls somewhat short of achieving it.

To the historian of Uganda the first chapter strikes a discordant note. It purports to summarize the history of colonialism in Uganda. In fact it consists of a number of unsupported generalizations, some of them open to question - such as the time-worn accusation that the British administration "willfully and methodically" set to work to exploit the divide among the people, "building on them, and multiplying them with a view of dividing the people further". Emotive descriptions of a working class, "becoming disciplined by the whip of a common employer" scarcely add to the authenticity of the account. Perhaps the most significant fault and one which runs throughout the book, is the emphasis put upon the weakness of Uganda and the contrasting strength, first of Britain and then, after independence, of the other powers which became involved in Uganda's affairs. Initially, the British presence in Uganda was very slight indeed.

It survived as much because certain elements in the Kingdom of Buganda wanted it to survive as because of any serious British interest in the area. To treat the people of Uganda - save for a few who, the author claims, acted as agents of colonialism - as merely passive objects of colonial exploitation is to oversimplify seriously a very complicated relationship.

The problem is to determine who were "the people" who, according to Mamdani, suffered so severely. For, it would seem, any Ugandan who can be identified as having done anything, either in his own or any one else's interest, ceased to belong to "the people". The main theme of the book only serves to underline this problem. It is that after independence President Obote was judged by the neo-imperialist powers with whom he had initially cooperated, to be drifting away from that allegiance. Consequently they sought a replacement. President Amin came to power with the aid of Israel and the acquiescence of Britain, and retained his power for most of the 1970s through the good offices of the US, Russia, Britain, West Germany, Japan and India among others. Russia differed from the rest because its support was openly given to what it had wrongly assessed as a popular régime. The other countries involved, according to Mamdani, quickly recognized the true nature of Amin's rule, but for economic reasons continued to trade with Uganda covertly and so sustained the régime. They used a variety of agencies to conceal their activities while on the surface they condemned what was happening in Uganda with steadily growing indignation. Kenya's hostility to Amin is seen to be entirely the result of British pressure. Only Libya, unaccountably, appears to have intervened for what might be described as "altruistic" motives. Ultimately the powers de-

clared that Amin must be replaced by another, the weakness of Uganda and the contrasting strength, first of Britain and then, after independence, of the other powers which became involved in Uganda's affairs. Initially, the British presence in Uganda was very slight indeed.

country as Tanzania could be seen to fill this role.

The strength of the book lies in the evidence accumulated to demonstrate the commercial involvement of powers which claimed to be horrified by Amin's excesses. In this respect the US comes off particularly badly. The extent to which American public concern for the people of Africa has been tainted by private cynicism and personal interest is perhaps only now appreciated. The ineptitude with which Britain has handled its relations with Uganda since independence is still scarcely recognized. Yet, oddly enough in view of the covert nature of the activities described by Mamdani, most of the evidence cited in support of his argument is taken from sources readily available at the time of the events concerned, such as *The Times*, the *International Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times*.

To argue that Amin drew support from, if one wishes, "neo-imperialist" powers is one thing - though to describe every overseas company which had interests in Uganda as "monopolist" in order to support the author's theory is to carry invective a little far. But did he survive as long as he did solely because of that support? Did not the fact that Uganda's soil is so remarkably fertile that most people could survive on its produce in spite of the havoc wrought by Amin upon the country's exchange economy play some part? It was not in fact "the people" who suffered most under Amin's terror. It was those individuals who distinguished themselves from "the people" - the intellectuals, the entrepreneurs, indeed, the very agents of neo-imperialism whom the author condemns.

This is not to suggest that "the people" of Uganda rejoiced in Amin's régime but only that the circumstances of Uganda made it less likely that a popular uprising would overthrow him. The lead had to come from outside. It had to be taken by Africans and if Uganda exiles were too divided or too weak to take the initia-

tive successfully alone it had to be done in conjunction with another African country which had the courage to flout the Organization of African Unity's non-interventionist policy. Overt Western intervention would have aroused an immediate outcry of neo-imperialism, even from those countries which condemned Amin wholeheartedly. Mamdani's contention that America simply used the Tanzanian invasion to reassert its own neo-imperialist aims may be true in part. But the implication that "the people" of Uganda are now doomed to an indefinite future of exploitation does little credit to the spirit of those striving to bring peace and stability to their country.

"The political hegemony of Afrikaner nationalism", write André du Toit and Hermann Giliomee in their introduction to *Afrikaner Political Thought: Analysis and Documents. Volume 1: 1780-1850* (309pp. University of California Press. £31.75. 0520043197), is "fraught with consequences for the future. Afrikaner ascendancy... is a fact, and Afrikaner political thinking a matter of consequence. At the very least, the racial policies and ideologies of the Nationalist regime are liable to be major focal points in the evolving pattern of conflict as long as the regime remains in power." The authors have set out to provide the first large-scale, systematic study in the field. As they point out, various conceptions of "Afrikaner political thinking" are to be found in the literature, but these are often stereotypes derived from a very restricted range of sources and showing scant regard for the actual historical context. The documentary material is arranged under five main heads: "The colonial crisis, labour and slavery 1780-1840"; "Law, order and equality 1780-1860"; "The politics and morality of frontier conflict 1780-1870"; "Settlement, conquest and trek 1800-1860"; and "Colonial grievances, civil liberties and self-government 1778-1854".



# The economy as laboratory

David Gallagher

R. FRENCH-DAVIS and others (Editors)  
*Qué pasó con la economía chilena?* Estudios  
 Públicos No 11, Winter 1983  
 134pp. Santiago: Centro de Estudios Públicos.  
 ALEJANDRO FOXLEY (Editor)  
*Reconstrucción económica para la democracia*  
 340pp. Santiago: Aconcagua.

For the past twenty years, Chile has been a myth for various groups of intellectuals and politicians round the world. For American democrats of the New Frontier and the Great Society in the 1960s, it was the model constitutional democracy which proved that developing countries could be decent, moderate and free. With the triumph of Allende in 1970, Chile became the new frontier for the European left, shaken by the events of Prague and by the suspicion that Cuba had become a totalitarian state: Chile had proved, this time, not only that a Marxist government could be freely elected, but also that it could govern within a framework of democratic pluralism, notwithstanding economic chaos. Since the death of Allende in 1973, Chile has become South Africa's rival as the country decent people of the left most love to hate. The very thought of Chile or of Pinochet can provoke, in some people, the most genuine emotions of outrage.

Since the military coup Chile has also become an economic myth. From 1976 to 1981, when the economy grew 52 per cent in six years, it was the laboratory which proved the virtues of economic freedom and the Chicago School's "global monetarism" (two entirely different things which frequently get lumped together). Since 1982, when the economy shrank by more than 14 per cent, Chile has provided sweet revenge for every conceivable kind of economic interventionist, and even for "early Chicago" orthodox monetarists in the Friedman tradition. Finally, it has become, in the past few months, the scene of a "democratic revolution" which, despite optimistic predictions in the world press, has not been able to overthrow Pinochet, who has so far been able effortlessly to divide and rule his way through the crisis. This is partly because the opposition leaders, currently in disarray, seem to be out of touch with the enormous changes that have occurred in Chile over the past ten years.

These changes have much to do with the Chicago-inspired "economic model", which had its first, tentative beginnings in 1974. What has really been happening to the Chilean economy since then? No doubt a copious literature will emerge in English in due course. In the meantime, the best cross-section of views currently available can be found in the Winter number of the journal *Estudios Públicos*, where four leading Chilean economists, whose positions range from left to unreconstructed Chicagoan, attempt to answer the question.

The Chilean free-market "economic model" can now be seen as having passed through two distinct stages. The first runs from 1974 to 1979. In the first two years the prices of more than 3,000 different goods were freed, as were interest rates, and more than 200 companies, including most of the banks, which had been nationalized or interfered with by the Allende government, were returned to the private sector. Import tariffs were reduced from an average level of 100 per cent to a maximum level of more than 200 per cent in 1975, to a uniform level of 10 per cent in 1979. Many existing import-substituting enterprises flourished, whereas a wide range of new export industries blossomed. The fiscal deficit, which in the last year of the Allende regime had reached about 30 per cent of GNP, was quickly reduced, and by 1979 there was a fiscal surplus. Inflation, which had averaged more than 500 per cent in 1973-4, was gradually reduced. However, as R. French-Davis points out in *Estudios Públicos*, orthodox monetarism was not really successful in reducing inflation, with rates still running at 300 per cent after three years of fiscal and monetary orthodoxy, and from 1976 the exchange rate was used to reduce inflationary expectations. The seeds were thus sown for the second, fixed exchange rate stage of the economic plan which ran from mid-1979 to mid-1982. In 1979 the nominal exchange rate was fixed "indefinitely" at 39 pesos to the US dollar. The

theory was that with a fixed exchange rate in a country open to world trade and international capital flows, domestic prices would in time equal external prices. Current account imbalances were important, because they were automatically balanced by the capital account: a small country's demand for capital could not possibly exceed supply because of the enormous asymmetry of scale of scale between international capital flows and domestic demand.

What went wrong with this seductive theory, which had only just been developed in Chicago, and is in fact hard to refute on a purely theoretical level? Why did the Chilean economy crash in 1982, when in 1980-1 Chile seemed to be Friedman's Promised Land, where Chileans were exercising their freedom to choose between a bewildering variety of imported goods, if not between politicians, and where standards of living were rising on a massive scale and not, as some claim, just for the chosen few? Chilean inflation did indeed come to equal external inflation, but unfortunately it took two years. In the meantime a differential of about 25 per cent had been building up. Towards the end of this period of "delay", Chilean manufacturers were competing with imported goods which were often subsidized at their country of origin, and then benefited from an enormous exchange-rate subsidy. The result was a monumental and unsustainable import boom.

In 1981, while the world was in recession, Chile grew at the rate of 6 per cent on the back of a current-account deficit that reached a remarkable 121 per cent of exports and 16 per cent of GNP, all of it financed by an equivalent increase in foreign credit provided by bankers who should have known better. According to the model, the current-account deficit did not matter. Yet any banker could and should have told the Chilean authorities, even in 1979, that persistent deficits tend to run into trouble in the real world, because the international flow of capital is channelled through a small number of international banks (in the case of Chile some 600 of them) each of which has a "country limit" for each borrower, expressed as a proportion of its own capital. If the borrower's demand for funds grows more quickly than the bank's capital, the "country limit" is sooner or later reached, most likely when the borrower's demand for funds is greatest, because by this time the sheer size of his debt will have generated a huge interest bill. Most bankers did not warn the authorities because they were too busy chasing after mandates for new business in order to "fill their limits".

In June 1982, the Chilean authorities caved in and devalued. Over the previous twelve months there had been, on top of everything, a massive deterioration in Chile's terms of trade. Far from automatically balancing the current account, the capital account was in deficit too, as investors got cold feet. Little by little the banks started to remove what short-term funds they could. By January 1983, their "herd instinct" was provoking a stampede and Chile finally joined the long line of Latin American countries currently renegotiating their debt.

It seems clear today that the real exchange-rate distortions of "global monetarism" – a theory insistently pressed on Chile's economic authorities by their former professors in 1979 – were enough to spoil what had been a genuine success story up until 1980. Until then one might criticize the current-account deficit, although it was still modest by later standards, and point to evidence of income concentration, as French-Davis and García do in *Estudios Públicos*, but one could not deny that the Chilean economy was showing extraordinary vigour. Without the distortions caused by the fixed exchange rate – aggravated, it should be said, by wage-indexing – the growth figures might have been less spectacular (there would certainly have been less value added to imports) and inflation would have taken longer to bring under control. But there would have been less disruption to Chilean industry and a more manageable trade deficit, and the economy would thus have been less vulnerable to the world recession.

There are no doubt other lessons to be learnt from the Chilean crisis; in particular, the banking law of 1981, which attempted to curtail lending to associated companies, came six years too late. Chilean bankers should

bank deposits carefully, to expand their conglomerates, but they cannot be blamed for not following rules that did not exist. Economic freedom, like other freedoms, is bound to go astray if there are no rules which take account of human weakness, particularly in countries where entrepreneurs had no experience of real freedom. Finally, the Chicago Boys were probably too idealistic, too eager to construct a new economy, too contemptuously unwilling to salvage existing virtues in Chilean society.

Despite these qualifications, it is important to identify what went wrong with the Chilean economy and to remember that Chile's neighbours are all in crisis, despite their very different economic models. Time could be on the Chicago Boys' side, because the mammoth public-sector "investment projects" spurred by foreign borrowing in Venezuela, Brazil and Argentina may turn out to be far more dangerous to those countries than Chile's over-investment in Japanese motor-cars. Until the end of 1980, Chile's foreign debt had remained stable in real terms, and in five years the economy had grown 52 per cent. Without the massive debt increase in 1981, the country would not now be over-indebted. Global monetarism has made it possible, also, for politicians to say that "the market failed", although, if anything, fixing the exchange rate was a gross distortion of the market.

The essays in *Reconstrucción Económica para la Democracia*, written by a group of mainly Christian Democrat economists, take it

## The music of socialism

Simon Collier

JOAN JARA  
*Victor: An Unfinished Song*  
 278pp. Cape. £8.95 (paperback, £4.95).  
 0 224 01880 9

Spending a late-night hour or two at the Peña de los Parra was one of the most stimulating musical experiences available to a short-term resident in Chile in the late 1960s. The Peña (the term means roughly "informal club" in this context) operated in an old-fashioned, rather shabby house along a down-at-heel street leading off the main avenue of Santiago. It generally came to life around midnight. Among those who regularly sang there – I remember very well the striking impression his slinging made on me the first time I heard it in those surroundings – was Victor Jara, the subject of this absorbing (and in its final sections tragic) memoir, written by the singer's English widow.

The Peña de los Parra had been created in the mid-1960s by the folk-singers Angel and Isabel Parra, children of the Chilean folklorist and singer Violeta Parra. (Her reputation, now immense, only really began to spread after the appearance of the record of her "Last Compositions" in 1966, which was followed soon afterwards by her suicide in February 1967.) Over the next few years, it became the focal point (in some sense the birthplace) of the "New Chilean Song" – a musical trend that subsequently had an enormous influence throughout Latin America. Its distinguishing features included a rejection of the slick, commercial popular music (as well as "pretified" folk music) of the time; a quest by the musicians concerned for authentic sources of Chilean and Latin American folk music; the introduction and use of what were by the standards of the Central Valley of Chile somewhat exotic instruments, especially those of the Andean *altiplano*; and last but not least, the sometimes explicit social content of the "new songs" themselves, springing from a mood of protest and anger over Chile's manifest social inequities and the deep and continuing poverty of all too many of its people. From the start, the New Chilean Song had clear political overtones.

Not the least of the merits of Joan Jara's book is the picture it gives of the growth of this movement, in which Victor Jara played such a conspicuous part. First and foremost of course, it is a portrait (honestly and straightforwardly drawn) of a remarkable man. Born into a

peasant family in the days before agrarian reform touched the Chilean countryside, Jara had popular roots that were undeniably deeper than is the case with most Chilean artists. After a false start in a closed religious order, and a year's military service (something almost never experienced by better-off Chileans), he found his way into the theatre, establishing himself as one of the most creative directors of the 1960s. Although strongly interested in folk music from early on, it was not until a guitar was thrust into his hands one night at the Peña de los Parra that he really began to achieve fame in this field. From then, it was increasingly to dominate his life: several of his pieces are rightly regarded as classics of the New Chilean Song.

In 1970, with the election of Salvador Allende to the Chilean presidency, this musical movement became consciously and proudly partisan in support of his *Unidad Popular* coalition in its ill-fated attempt to steer Chile in the direction of socialism. Whatever else may be said of the Chilean Left in the years 1970-73, it undoubtedly had a unique, powerful and attractive musical flavour. (Jara wrote the words of the UP's catchy campaign song *Venceremos*.) Joan Jara's memoir gives the reader a good impression – understandably angled from the *allendista* viewpoint that was passionately hers while these events unfolded – of the growing atmosphere of tension and political polarization that set in during Allende's thousand days in office. Jara himself fell an immediate victim to the sickening violence that accompanied the military intervention of September 1973, when General Pinochet and his colleagues wrote their brutal *finis* to Chilean democracy. Jara was arrested and taken to the Estadio Chile (the stadium where, in 1969, he had won joint first prize in the First Festival of the New Chilean Song), and while there was viciously beaten and wounded, before being finally shot. Joan Jara's reconstruction of her husband's last hours, and her account of the way in which she had to reclaim his lacerated body from the crowded morgue for burial, provide a harrowing finale to her well-told story.

The new military rulers of Chile did what they could to eradicate all traces of the New Chilean Song – part of their ludicrous but relentless campaign to present the UP and all its works as somehow deeply and disgracefully "un-Chilean". Joan Jara's subtitle is apt, such campaigns tend not to succeed. It can safely be predicted that Victor Jara's songs will have a place, and a respected place, in Chile when better times come to that country.

# A born subaltern

Hew Strachan

EDWARD M. SPIERS  
*Radical General: Sir George de Lacy Evans*  
 178-1870  
 262p. Manchester University Press. £25.  
 0 7190 0929 4

George de Lacy Evans was a Peninsular veteran of commendable dash and bravery. He survived to be the oldest divisional commander in the Crimean War, a full general, and a GCB. But he was also radical MP for Kye in 1831-2, and for Westminster from 1833 to 1841 and from 1846 to 1865. He embraced political controversy with such impetuosity and fervour that Charles Greville described him (albeit inaccurately) as a republican.

However, the paradox is misleading. Evans's career is the embodiment of a once well-established, although now defunct, tradition. Like many other officers of the British army, he came from Ireland; like many more, his forebears were not aristocratic but minor gentry and even military: indeed he could include two Austrian field-marshal among his immediate ancestors. But British military professionalism before the late nineteenth century did not exclude political involvement. Between 1734 and 1832, as Edward Spiers re-

## Domestic considerations

P. J. Waller

M. J. DAUNTON  
*House and Home in the Victorian City: Working Class Housing 1850-1914*

310pp. Edward Arnold. £32.50.  
 0 7131 6384 4

M. J. Daunton's book is the seventh in a series of *Studies in Urban History*, started by the late H. J. Dyos. The quality of previous books in the series, and of Dr Daunton's own past work, particularly his *Coal Metropolis: Cardiff 1870-1914*, encouraged high expectations of this volume: they were not disappointed. Concentrating on the bye-law era of working-class housing, Daunton combines very different perspectives to illuminate a complex topic: those of physical form, class culture, distinctive local habit, and particular personal preference. The consideration which he gives to the evolution of the house as a home, as a unit for living, is never allowed to obscure those larger issues which much vex the historian: the place of housing in the economy and in political controversy. On the contrary, Daunton integrates the subject better than any historian before him.

The book opens with a critical assessment of building, housing and planning histories, in particular the "Whig" view that state-subsidized local authority housing was the inevitable outcome of the failures of both free-market and philanthropic activities. Daunton proceeds to examine the realignment, which occurred in the course of the nineteenth century, between public place and private space. A good deal of trading and recreation was driven off the streets and transferred to formal business premises, civic parks and sports stadiums. At the same time space within the home underwent significant re-allocation of use, as new technologies and cultural preferences made themselves felt. Daunton has aired the arguments contained in these chapters in two recently published essays, but they bear repeating here in expanded form and as essential preliminaries to the work that follows in explanation of major changes in housing provision and interior usage.

He next embarks upon a survey of dominant house-types in different localities, these being mainly variations on the theme of the self-contained cottage; but an important exception is allowed in the case of Scottish cities and parts of north-east England, where varieties of tenement rather than terraced housing were built. In fact, while exceptional in the British Isles, the tenement form was common in large parts of Europe and America, and the question is correctly posed: why was England, not Scot-

lands us, one in six MPs came from military backgrounds, and seventy-one did so in 1852. Nor were the political sympathies of those officers the conservative ones of stereotype. Within Parliament, Colonel Thomas Perronet Thompson was a far more effective radical than Evans; without, two of his contemporaries – the brothers Charles (the myopic and hirsute conqueror of Scinde) and William Napier (the ill-tempered historian of the Peninsula) – were also radicals who became generals.

The radicalism of these military men had strong paternalist connotations. It was not at odds with, but grew from, their military service. Their knowledge of the common soldier's living conditions – and the need to improve them – underpinned their wider political convictions. In his time, Evans argued for the ballot, triennial Parliaments, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. But like many other radicals of 1832, in a couple of decades he began to look less innovative. Household, not universal, suffrage was his battle-cry. In 1852 and 1859, he favoured the middle-class and propertied Volunteers over the conscripted, and therefore more egalitarian, Militia. In 1852 itself, Cobden called Evans "a sham radical". By now Evans's military background was pulling him away from the nostrums of mainstream reformers. Military retrenchment, which he

embraced with enthusiasm in the 1830s, made less sense to him in the context of a possible French invasion or a renewed Russian threat.

Ironically, Evans's impact on army reform was limited. Despite his combat experience and despite his cultivation of the press (he was even kind to W. H. Russell in 1854), he could achieve little as a back-bench MP. He believed that conditions of service should be improved so as to attract a better class of recruit. His emphasis therefore lay on rewards rather than punishment: he was a particularly vociferous opponent of flogging. But, while he urged enlightenment in the Commons, he found himself unable to effect it in practice. In 1835, he took the British Auxiliary Legion to Spain, in order to fight for Queen Isabella against the Carlists. With inadequate time to train and prepare his under-strength and hastily recruited force, and with pay constantly in arrears, morale dwindled, sickness was rampant, and discipline proved fragile.

It is not the least of our debts to Dr Spiers that he provides us with a full account of the Legion's doings. In many ways this campaign was the highlight of Evans's career. It was not, on balance, a glorious episode. Moreover, the failings were at least in part those of the commander. Despite his remarkably varied and valuable military apprenticeship (he attended the artillery and engineers' school at Woolwich, served as a subaltern in the infantry and cavalry, was on the *Quartermaster General's* staff in 1814, and even picked up the Naval General Service medal), he proved a suspect tactician and worse disciplinarian. Like many others of the same generation, his skills were

## The cruelty men

Bernard Wasserstein

GEORGE K. BEHLMER  
*Child Abuse and Moral Reform in England, 1870-1908*  
 320pp. Stanford University Press. \$30.  
 0 8047 1127 5

"Gentlemen's children removed and provided for. Medical certificates provided if required." The certificates were of death and the notice was deposited in a West End letter-box in 1877. It was an item of evidence indicating the prevalence of professional infanticides who masqueraded as baby-farmers or foster-parents to illegitimate or otherwise unwanted children. Charlotte Winsor, tried for murder in 1865, was reported to charge £3 to £5 to put away bastards. Margaret Waters, hanged in 1870, advertised her adoption agency in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* and charged £5, "which sum includes everything". Eleven starving children were found in her house; also discovered were pawn tickets (all issued within two months) for over a hundred pieces of children's clothing, including, we are informed, "two shirts bearing labels that suggested aristocratic clientele."

It was out of public horror at incidents such as these that English volunteer morality mobilized first in Liverpool, later in London, to form what became in 1889 the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This book draws on the surviving records of the society, as well as on government and other papers, to analyse the role of the NSPCC in English politics and society in the period until 1908 when Herbert Samuel's Children Act passed into law. George K. Behlmer summarizes his three main themes as "the erosion of parental power", the "problem of class interest in moral reform" and the "play between private and state initiatives in social welfare".

Professor Behlmer is rightly sceptical of two common notions concerning the activities of the NSPCC: first that it was merely an instrument of Victorian social control; second that child abuse was spread, as it were democratically, through all layers of society. As to the first, he concedes that in certain cases, notably in the society's long and unsuccessful attack on the practice of child insurance (allegedly an incentive to child murder), the NSPCC "betrayed an insensibility to working-class culture that coloured much of the social rehabilitation attempted by voluntary effort." He further in-

those of the subaltern – courage and dash on the battlefield.

He was therefore no more an outstanding soldier than he was a distinguished politician. A poor orator, he too frequently let his own sense of personal injustice, which though great was largely without foundation, determine his actions. Thus his wish to abolish the purchase of commissions was motivated less by the objective needs of the army than by his conviction that the system had thwarted his own early promotion: this was particularly ironic when the heavy casualties of the Napoleonic Wars had actually had the effect of minimizing the importance of purchase in the current of promotion. He blamed his slow professional advancement after 1815 not on the real cause – the peacetime contraction of the army – but on persecution for his political proclivities. There is no evidence to substantiate his claim.

Of course Evans's campaigns left their legacy of poorly healed wounds and recurrent sickness. The cantankerous old veterans of the Peninsula are more deserving of our sympathy when we remember the constant physical discomfort under which they daily laboured. None the less, the future Lord Clarendon's verdict, when minister in Madrid, that Evans was "a man of mighty intentions and small performance", remains uncomfortably close to the mark. Dr Spiers's conclusion is more charitable. He has tracked down the Evans papers, such as they are, and he has made intelligent use of newspapers and of a wide range of unpublished material to fill the considerable gaps. The result is the fullest and most generous treatment that Evans deserves or is ever likely to get.

stances the grotesque Christmas party organized by the society in 1899, when six hundred former child victims were entertained to tea, sweets and serenading by Dr Barnardo's boys' band in King's Hall, Holborn, while youthful, middle-class members of the NSPCC's junior League of Pity sat in the gallery "riveted by the delightful sight of the joy they had given, and on which they were looking down". Such cameos notwithstanding, Behlmer shows effectively, sometimes movingly, that working-class people tended to see the NSPCC's inspectors ("cruelty men") not as intrusive agents of middle-class morality but rather as defenders of values which they themselves shared.

The NSPCC itself, determinedly non-sectarian and class-blind in its propaganda, if not in all its policies, always denied that child abuse was related to economic status. The lurid propaganda issued by the society delighted in cases of aristocratic malpractice which would give the lie to any notion that the NSPCC represented an attempt by the middle class to police the family life of their inferiors. Yet more and more, particularly as the society concerned itself with cases of suffering through neglect as well as direct violence, a correlation between poverty and child abuse emerged.

Although most of the society's case records have been destroyed, Behlmer makes excellent use of the statistical evidence and correspondence available in the society's central archive. Happily, one small cache of case records, sixty-four in all, survive, all from the society's York inspectorate. By fortunate coincidence these cover the same years as B. Seebohm Rowntree's classic survey of poverty in the city. By knitting these two sets of material together Behlmer draws some suggestive conclusions confirming the general argument of the book.

This elegantly written and finely balanced work of scholarship advances knowledge on several fronts: that of evolving attitudes to children and the family in this period; that of the functions of moral ginger groups in Victorian society; and, most importantly, that of the trend towards "collectivism" in social policy – though Behlmer warns against too glib a use of the term. Behlmer is perhaps a shade ungenerous to Samuel as its moving spirit. It is in the exploration of the shifting no-man's-land between voluntarism and state action that this book excels and indeed makes a useful contribution to our understanding of Edwardian Liberalism in general.



# The action of language

L. Jonathan Cohen

STEPHEN C. LEVINSON  
Pragmatics  
420pp. Cambridge University Press.  
£25 (paperback, £8.50).  
0521 222354

The term "pragmatics" was first applied to a branch of language-study by the philosopher Charles Morris in 1938. He used it to mark off investigation into "the relation of signs to interpreters" from syntax, as the study of "the formal relations of signs to one another", and semantics, as the study of "the relations of signs to the objects to which the signs are applicable". But the eventual shape of a discipline is governed more by the nature of the work that is actually done during the progress of intellectual enquiry than by the programmatic formulations of those who make no concrete contributions to it. So after considering quite a variety of possible variations on Morris's definition the author of the first major textbook on the subject, Stephen C. Levinson, has settled on an account that brings together a group of problem-areas that have been relatively well explored in Anglo-American philosophy and linguistics during the past thirty years. On his view pragmatics concerns those aspects of meaning and language-structure that cannot be captured by a semantics which treats knowledge of the meaning of a declarative sentence as knowledge of the conditions under which it is true.

The first topic therefore that Levinson includes is deixis, which concerns the complex ways in which the reference of demonstratives, pronouns, adverbs of time and place, tensed verbs, etc., may depend on their context of utterance. And he argues that the richness and variety of linguistic phenomena in this area resist capture by the familiar strategies of philosopher-logicians for bringing them within the scope of semantics. The second topic is that of what H. P. Grice has called "conversational implicature", where we are concerned with what the general principles of conversational behaviour entitle us to infer from a person's having uttered a particular sentence in a given context. For example, since these general principles create a presumption that an informant will tell me everything that he should, we can infer from the doctor's report "The driver has a fractured wrist" that the driver has no worse injuries. And Levinson thinks that Grice's work also affords a point of entry into the problem of metaphor.

The third topic is that of presupposition, which takes its origin from P. F. Strawson's famous dispute with Bertrand Russell about whether an assertion of a sentence that lacks a proper referent, like "The King of France is wise", is to be thought false, as Russell argued, or as lacking any truth-value at all, on the ground that, as Strawson argued, it presupposes what is not in fact the case. Levinson's fourth topic is that of speech-acts, recent work on which has developed mainly out of J. L. Austin's discussion of what he called "illocutionary acts" - i.e. of what is done in uttering a sentence as distinct from what the sentence itself says or what effects are caused by its utterance. (For example, the illocutionary force of uttering "The door is open" may be to request that the door be shut.) Finally, Levinson devotes a chapter to what he calls "conversational analysis", which he sees as an alternative, and superior, approach to the problems with which discourse analysis has also been occupied. Discourse analysis, in his view, tried to extend the familiar techniques of linguistic theory beyond the unit of the sentence, while conversational analysis adopts a more empirical approach and discovers features that have no significant analogues within the structure of a sentence.

Intellectual history is not without its superficial ironies. Ideas that were ugly ducklings to Cambridge philosophers in the bygone period - a generation ago - when ordinary language philosophy prevailed at Oxford have now grown into the swans for Cambridge linguistics. But, though we should all be grateful for the extensive surveys and useful critical discussions in this new addition to the Cambridge Textbooks in Linguistics series, some

linguists may find that its choice of topic is overmuch influenced by the philosophical as distinct from the linguistic tradition. The omission of most of what normally falls under the rubric of sociolinguistics does not matter so much here, since it has been adequately surveyed elsewhere. But some will be disappointed to find no systematic treatment of prosodic factors in pragmatics, like stress or intonation, and little reference to languages other than English. Levinson excuses these omissions on the ground that so little work has yet been done in the relevant fields. However, it is arguable that a survey of what has been done and some delineation of the main gaps would have silenced such criticism altogether.

More surprising perhaps is Levinson's failure to take into account J. F. Ross's important contribution to semantics in *Portraying Analogy*, which was published by the Cambridge University Press in 1981. One of the theses for which Ross argues very cogently - much more cogently perhaps than others, like the present reviewer, have ever done - is that the semantic identity of a term, as determined by the set of co-applicable and semantically distinct words, is analogically covariant with certain differences in linguistic context, and that it will not do to treat two such divergent patterns of occurrence for the same word-form as mere homonyms. Consider the occurrence of "cold", for example, in "He caught the cold from her" and in "He tried to measure the cold by calculating the freezing time for water." If this thesis is followed through, a number of consequences emerge that are rather serious for Levinson's standpoint.

First, it now comes to be rather doubtful whether the possibility of a truth-conditional semantics can just be taken for granted. According to the standard conception of such a semantics, it is constructed by a system of projection from the satisfaction-conditions for its elementary predicates, which are assumed to be finite in number and semantically invariant under change of linguistic context. But, if instead those predicates may vary their satisfaction conditions with their linguistic context, then the variety of these satisfaction-conditions is not necessarily finite and it is certainly not obvious how a truth-conditional semantics is to be constructed. We may suppose that in childhood some of the meanings of each elementary predicate are learned in context and that an indeterminately large number of others can then be generated by exploiting appropriate analogies in accordance with a finite number of learned or innate principles. Maybe these principles of semantic analogy will one day be formalized. But as yet there is no treatment of them that remotely approximates the rigour of Tarski's theory of truth-conditions. Any characterization of pragmatics that exploits the idea of a truth-conditional semantics, as being something well defined and well understood, is accordingly called into question.

Second, the open-endedness and semantic creativity of language, which Ross's thesis underlines, makes it much more plausible than Levinson allows that the structure of metaphor is fundamentally a problem for semantics rather than for pragmatics. Admittedly it is a matter for pragmatics to investigate the conditions under which an utterance of the sentence "Talking to her I was up against a block of ice" should be given a literal, or a metaphorical, interpretation. But the fact that one phrase in the sentence admits of a particular metaphorical reading, as well as of a literal one, seems continuous with so many other variations of semantic identity under change of linguistic context (compare "There is a lion on the title page") that it seems quite arbitrary to exclude this fact from the purview of semantics. Moreover, if we can still see just a single clear metaphor in a sentence, even when the sentence is considered in abstraction from any particular context of utterance, then the metaphor should surely be thought a feature of language, not of speech, and be studied by semantics, not pragmatics. For it is obviously quite different in this respect from a conversational implicature: the number of different implicatures that could be achieved by uttering "The driver has a fractured wrist" in different contexts is indeterminately large. So the nature of a metaphor looks like being seriously distorted if

it is presented as a topic to be studied via an investigation of conversational implicatures.

Third, if words can vary their semantic identity under changes of linguistic context, we can explain within semantics why certain logical parities of natural language like "and", "or", etc. sometimes have a purely truth-functional sense and sometimes do not. Compare, for example, the sentence "It is true that the old king has died of a heart attack and it is also true that a republic has been declared, but the events did not occur in that order" with the sentence "They got married and a baby was born." Of course, for simple sentences of this kind we seem to be able to achieve just as good an explanation in terms of Gricean implicatures. It is a standing presumption of conversational practice that, unless otherwise indicated, events are reported in their actual order of occurrence. So though this presumption is cancelled in the first of the above two sentences, it may be supposed to be operative in the second; the semantics of "and" is then the same in both sentences, and only the implicature is different. But Levinson, who favours this type of explanation, does not take the

measure of its long established difficulties. In particular he does not show how the Gricean explanation could work satisfactorily for more complex sentences. How could it capture, for example, the compatibility of the truth of "It is a republic has been declared and the old king has died of a heart attack, then the king's supporters will revolt" with the falsehood of "If the old king has died of a heart attack and a republic has been declared, then the king's supporters will revolt"?

Levinson's book, therefore, needs to be read with a good deal of caution. It is not always, though it is quite often, a genuine textbook, in the standard sense of being a record of generally received doctrine. This holds especially in regard to the location of the frontier between semantics and pragmatics and the treatment of topics in that frontier-zone. But exciting and important new subjects often tend to exaggerate the size of their domains, and to stake out more territory than they can legitimately occupy. Instead of grudging pragmatics a few such *folles de jeunesse*, we should be grateful to Levinson for his lucid and stimulating contribution to current discussions.

## Practical abstractions

Mary Tiles

GILLES-GASTON GRANGER  
Formal Thought and the Sciences of Man  
Translated by Alexander Rosenberg.  
210pp. Dordrecht, Netherlands: Reidel  
90 277 15246

Philosophical discussions of the human or social sciences are rarely self-contained. As they seem condemned to compare and contrast the social with the natural sciences, they must draw on a conception of the latter. Gilles-Gaston Granger's conception of the natural sciences differs in some significant respects from those familiar to English-speaking philosophers of science, and this is potentially both an aid and an obstacle to the reception of this translation of his *Pensée formelle et sciences de l'homme* (Paris, 1960). On the one hand, since considerable time is spent explaining his position, the book may well interest even those who are not specifically concerned with the problems of the social sciences. On the other, the discussion of the social sciences may be felt to be beside the point because based on an unfamiliar conception of science.

The aim of any science is, according to Granger, the construction of coherent and effective models of phenomena. The emphasis on effective models marks his opposition to the idea of speculative science; for him, twentieth-century science is applied science, a theoretically informed technological activity. His concern is with scientific practice, not merely with scientific theories. Moreover, he argues (against many Marxists) that the process of abstraction, the operation of formal thought, is one not of disinterested and merely speculative play, but a fruitful phase of *praxis*. The case which Granger makes for the crucial role of formal thought in the social sciences rests on this idea, that it plays an active and creative role in experimental and applied science. This is spelled out in his difficult but important chapter on axiomatizing and structuring. Here it is implicit that science is the product of an active reason, a reason which is always practical and whose practicality renders impossible the reduction of the rational to the logical. "The only thing that can be logical is the form of an abstract discourse . . . The only thing that can be rational is an approach of thought that wants in the best way to dominate the relation of symbolic construction to experience . . . Logic and reason emerge as dual modalities of rational thought. If this is so, Granger argues, a scientific explanation of human behaviour should reflect this duality, but whereas we have systems of concepts for modelling logical activity we lack clear conceptual expression of the relation between logic and reason. Moreover, the production of a formal systematization of such concepts is rendered problematic by Granger's own (I think correct) insistence that to enunciate principles of reason in general is an illusory undertaking. The problem is to see how formal thought can get a grip here.

The idea that science aims at the construction of models is what justifies the claim that formal thought is essential to the development of any science, and it reflects Granger's view that the method of all sciences, natural as well as social, is, and has been, that of structural analysis. This is argued by reference to an analysis of the role of language in science. Here Granger follows Bachelard, distinguishing sharply between common-sense thought articulated in everyday language, and conceptual, scientific thought structured by the systematic organization of the symbolic systems it deploys. Drawing on the work of communication engineers, Granger contrasts informational (semantic) languages, oriented towards designating, with the polyvalent languages of science, whose principal function is not the designation of objects but the articulation of syntactic relations. The development of such a language is seen as an essential part of the process of attaining a demythologized, conceptual "découpage" of fact; the "découpage" of human facts presents a special difficulty because human actions have an immediate significance in virtue of their location within a socially structured whole. Thus the phenomena are, from the outset, presented as structured, as "pseudo-objects of science". "The organisation of lived human experience (*vécu*), by meditation on these meanings carved out according to social practice, offers itself fallaciously as the object of science." This is likened to defining the objects of physics as complexes of qualitatively experienced sensations. The social scientist is thus confronted with the double temptation of either remaining at the level of events as experienced, or of inappropriately eliminating all meaning by reducing human facts to physical phenomena. "The constitutive problem of the sciences of man . . . is the transmutation of experienced meanings into a universe of objectivised meanings." But how is this to be achieved?

Here Granger takes suggestions from the methods of operational research, methods which arise out of the encounter between man and machines, where formal models of limited scope are developed for immediate practical application and lead to what he calls an "operational *découpage*". The kind of models envisaged are thus axiomatically characterized: cybernetic models, incorporating a level of "energy flows" overlaid by a level of "information flows". If we are to build machines to which and via which we can communicate with ease, we first have to analyse communication from the standpoint of the machine. But do such analyses constitute first steps toward a science of man? Is the notion of objective meaning one which makes sense? Here we are still left with a residual unease, one which is present in the apparent paradoxicality of the notion of a science of man (or of objective meaning) when science is understood as a process of modelling human phenomena. In attaining a sufficiently objective view of human phenomena we seem to lose sight of that which makes them human.

## Returning to our muttons

Juliet Clutton-Brock

M. L. RYDER  
Sheep and Man  
86pp. Duckworth. £55.  
07158 16552

"Search for sheep that shears itself": the irony of this recent headline from *The Times* (September 7, 1983) will not be lost on M. L. Ryder, who understands the stages of evolution that have produced the modern, white domestic sheep with its continually growing fleece. Ryder describes how wild sheep and the primitive domestic breeds, which are brown, black and white in colour, have a hairy top-coat overlying an underfur of fine wool, and how both of these layers moult and are shed in the spring, as with most wild mammals. As a result of artificial selection in our highly domesticated sheep, both layers of the coat have become woolly and have lost the capacity to moult, which means that the fleece can be removed each summer by shearing without any loss of wool. In cold climates, where wool has been the most important material for clothing and bedding for thousands of years, the fleece has been the most valuable part of the sheep, but now that there are alternatives to wool, in cheap synthetic materials, meat has become top priority and perhaps new breeds of sheep will be developed that will return to the moult, or casting of the fleece, after a gap of some 4,000 years.

Dr Ryder has devoted a lifetime to the study of sheep and this book is the outcome. It is divided into three sections, all profusely illustrated. The first 180 pages are on sheep in ancient times, though including, rather oddly, the early Middle Ages in Europe; the second part, of 438 pages, is a gazetteer of sheep throughout the world, from the Middle Ages to the present; and this overlaps with the third section, which is on sheep husbandry, sheep products and the categories of modern breeds.

Like most large works, the book is uneven. Ryder probably knows more than anyone about the development of the fleece, and his descriptions of the different types of fleece, round which the whole book is built, are no doubt sound. But the first section on the prehistoric evidence for the domestication of sheep is disappointing. Within the past ten years there has been much investigation into the origins of the domestic sheep and its early diffusion. On this subject Ryder fails to be authoritative and the section seems to have been written many years ago. There has been

## Faunal feelings

Ernest Neal

RON FREETHY  
Man and Beast: The Natural and Unnatural History of British Mammals  
272pp. Poole: Blandford Press. £10.95.  
07137 13232

Long ago, man's attitude to beast was largely determined by whether the animal was edible, dangerous, or harmful to crops or livestock. This attitude persists, but one suspects that even among primitive peoples there was more to the relationship than that - judging by the cave paintings so excitingly executed by man-the-hunter. Delight, respect, understanding, prejudice and myth all play a part in moulding our attitudes. In *Man and Beast*, Ron Freethy illustrates many of these feelings and beliefs which describing the mammals of Britain, in which he includes those which became extinct or were introduced since Roman times. As Freethy is a teacher of biology it is not surprising that his introductory chapter on the characteristics of mammals is reminiscent of a biology textbook, complete with labelled diagrams. This may be off-putting or irrelevant to some, but others could find it a useful basis for understanding the species considered in later chapters. The introductions of species such as rabbits and grey squirrels are also well documented and interesting. Aidelights are given of changes in population densities: the red squirrel a comparative rarity today, but at the turn of this century it had reached

some attempt to bring it up to date, with an insertion on the important work that has been carried out on the chromosomes of sheep, and the addition of some new references, but there can be little need for the descriptions of sheep remains retrieved from archaeological sites at the beginning of this century with the bizarre names given to them by their finders.

An unfortunate confusion occurs throughout the book concerning the mouflon sheep from Corsica and Sardinia. It used to be thought that these were relics of wild sheep that previously inhabited Europe. It is now believed, from chromosome studies and from the lack of fossil evidence for wild sheep in Europe, that the mouflon are feral descendants of sheep taken to the Mediterranean during the neolithic period, just as the Soay sheep were taken, perhaps at a rather later date, to the islands of St Kilda in the Outer Hebrides, where they remain as a feral population. Ryder quotes this new hypothesis but otherwise writes throughout of the European mouflon as a truly wild sheep. It is now generally agreed by archaeozoologists that the main progenitor of the domestic sheep was the Asiatic mouflon, *Ovis orientalis*, and it is wrong of Ryder to have reproduced a map showing finds of so-called mesolithic sheep in Europe and to imply that they came from a wild stock. The finds from northern Europe are all unsubstantiated in date and none of them can be shown to be earlier than the domestication of sheep in the Near East.

The central section of the book is packed with information on breeds, traditions, history, geography, folklore and anecdotal accounts. It is unfortunate that many of the photographs here, mostly taken by the author, are very smudgy. Much of the information on the husbandry of sheep in northern Europe since the Middle Ages is taken from the second volume of Trow-Smith's now classic work, written in 1959. Ryder is good on systems of pastoralism and transhumance, and the chapters on nomadic and sedentary husbandry, and sheep products, are particularly interesting and very well illustrated.

In the final chapters Ryder attempts to classify modern breeds of sheep according to their adaptation to climate and environment, and refers to the biochemical approach to the typing of breeds, overlapping with the information already given in the early chapters. The index, although long, is inadequate and rather peculiar; what for example could be the point of giving seventy page numbers under the heading, "numbers of sheep"?

pest proportions, 35,000 having been killed by one Scottish squirrel club over thirty years.

A significant proportion of the book consists of long extracts from the writings of the older naturalists, particularly from such classic works as Bell's *A History of Quadrupeds* (1837) and Lydekker's *Mammals* (1896). These aptly-chosen quotations are a welcome feature, as they help to illustrate the growth in understanding of British mammals over the years, and few people today have time or opportunity to read these splendid books for themselves. However, the author is on more dangerous ground when he relies on the popular press for opinions on such emotive subjects as "the badgers and bovine tuberculosis controversy". This can only lead to further confusion and may prejudice any real understanding of this complex issue.

Freethy does not always make it clear whether older works have been superseded by modern discoveries. In fact, the straight natural history as we understand it today is treated very superficially, with only occasional reference to modern studies of behaviour and ecology. In the section on the badger, for example, the author spends much time on its persecution throughout the ages, but its natural history is almost entirely omitted.

So this is not the book for somebody looking for a comprehensive, up-to-date, natural history of British mammals; the main emphasis is historical, and in this respect *Man and Beast* is interesting, informative, and a useful supplement to more conventional natural histories.

## A raptor resuscitated

Christopher Lever

J. A. LOVE  
The Return of the Sea Eagle  
227pp. Cambridge University Press. £15.  
0521 255139

In the pre-historic period the huge and impressive White-tailed Sea Eagle was widely distributed throughout the British Isles. Since Anglo-Saxon times, however, when extensive tracts of woodland began to be felled and fens drained for agricultural purposes, its habitat in lowland Britain has been steadily eroded, with a corresponding decline in the species' population. Viable numbers could, however, have survived on the remoter coasts of north-west Scotland and Ireland had not the human population in the nineteenth century increased and partially dispersed to the coast, where changing land-usage brought man and eagle into conflict. As ill-informed shepherds and game-keepers reduced its numbers still further it became increasingly attractive to oologists and skin-collectors. All raptors are especially susceptible to such persecution due to their relatively long life-span but slow rate of reproduction, and the White-tailed Sea Eagle was particularly vulnerable because of the accessibility of its eyries and the relative ease with which it could be poisoned with carrion. As a result of human persecution the last native Sea Eagles nested on the English mainland shortly before 1800 (a single pair appears to have survived on the Isle of Man until 1818), in Ireland in 1898 and on the mainland of Scotland in 1901, though a pair is said to have nested on the Isle of Skye until 1916.

The introduction and reintroduction of species have for long been subjects of contention among conservationists, and the suggested criteria for such movements have been published in *Reintroductions: techniques and ethics* (World Wildlife Fund, Rome, 1976) and *Wildlife Introductions to Great Britain* (Nature Conservancy Council, 1979). These reports rightly conclude that reintroductions of extinct native species are usually more acceptable than the introduction of aliens provided that the cause of extinction has been identified and largely removed (in general only those lost through

human agency and unlikely to re-colonize naturally are regarded as suitable candidates for reintroduction), that adequate habitat is available, that the individuals chosen are of a race as close as possible to that of the original stock, and that their removal does not effect the donor population.

It was against this background that in 1975 the Nature Conservancy Council began an attempt to re-establish the Sea Eagle in Britain. John Love was appointed Project Officer and his account of the reintroduction of eaglets to the island of Rum off the west coast of Scotland (where there is an abundance of suitable habitat) from Norway (where the population is the most flourishing in western Europe, is genetically close to the former British race, and seems disinclined to disperse from its natal area) makes fascinating reading. The book, which is enhanced by the author's charming line-drawings, does its subject full justice, and by describing in detail the species' world distribution, breeding biology, food habits, persecution, decline and subsequent conservation, is far more than just an account of the bird's reintroduction to Britain. How refreshing, incidentally, to find a scientist prepared to say of his subject that "such magnificent creatures were not brought into this world to be held captive".

In April 1983, after a total of fifty-five eaglets had been imported from Norway and fifty-two released on Rum, the first two nests were discovered. Two months later a further ten eaglets arrived from Norway for release in Rum. Although both nests failed, due probably to a combination of a spell of bad weather and the inexperience of young birds, the signs are encouraging, and it may well be that by 1984 the White-tailed Sea Eagle, thanks to the efforts of the Nature Conservancy Council (with financial support from the World Wildlife Fund, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the Scottish Wildlife Trust, and latterly from Eagle Star Insurance, and with logistical aid from the Royal Air Force), together with the generous co-operation of the Norwegian authorities and the dedication of John Love and his team, will have joined the imposing Capercaille as the only extinct British vertebrates to have been successfully reintroduced by man - their original exterminator.

## The sedulous apiarist

Dorothy Galton

EVA CRANE  
The Archaeology of Beekeeping  
360pp. Duckworth. £25.  
07156 16811

This book is a fitting culmination to the author's lifelong devotion to the documentation of beekeeping in all its aspects. Eva Crane is a world authority in the subject and will soon be retiring after forty years as Director of the International Bee Research Association, which she has built up by imaginative and unsparring effort.

The book is splendidly produced, with many exciting illustrations of beekeeping systems from the earliest times to the nineteenth century; there is a comprehensive bibliography (German and English predominantly), and a good index. It is a veritable encyclopedia of beekeeping history, bringing together in one volume and from many sources not only known facts on the subject but also what is shown on paintings, drawings, sculpture, coats-of-arms, coins and medals. Every conceivable kind of container for bees from all parts of the world is illustrated and discussed, from tree-hole through bark and log hives, pots, to the skep (with two chapters on this kind of beekeeping in the British Isles) and the earliest forms of frame standing hives (nineteenth century). The Prokopovich hive illustrated on page 209 was first invented in 1814, and there is no illustration of the Russian European/Russian horizontal hive (*Rusian lezhak*), which can be seen in a way rather singular to that of the Nutt hive on page 206. This hive has its importance because in these lands the log hive was placed

horizontally or vertically. There is much on bee boles, with an appendix summarizing IBRA records of such things in Great Britain and Ireland; and a second appendix listing beekeeping museums in Europe and elsewhere. The book is strictly factual, and Dr Crane does not address herself to myths and customs associated with bees.

There is, however, a gap of several thousand years in the record between the earliest (mesolithic) rock paintings and the earliest beekeeping scenes in third-millennium Egypt, and I take issue with Dr Crane when she writes on page 116, after discussing horizontal and vertical hives, that "we have no real clue as to when or where" the early developmental stage of beekeeping arose. Using illustrations from India, the Middle East, Egypt and Greece, I have sought to bridge this gap in a book (1982) on the history of the bee-hive, in which I put forward the view that looking after bees is the oldest human - probably female - outdoor occupation, and that the queen bee, her nest and its products have played a vital part in human development: not only as being the first domesticated, though never tamed, creature, but also as the centre-piece of animistic beliefs which aroused an appreciation of sexuality, an interest in shapes (triangle, hexagon, circle, dome), textures (honey/milk, beeswax/cheese, wax/copper) and crafts (plaiting, weaving), and even perhaps as models for family and tribal groupings. For instance, why queen/king bee (*Aristotle's hegemon*, Latin *rex*)?

The illustrations in Dr Crane's important and wide-ranging book testify to the hold that bees have had on humankind; and it seems to me that, by the use of the eye and some specialized knowledge, it is possible to throw light on the unwritten memorials from the past.



## Wife into Gorgon

Patricia Craig

FAY WELDON  
The Life and Loves of a She-Devil  
240pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £8.95.  
0340 33228 X

"Tread on a worm, and it will turn": this is the burden of Fay Weldon's fierce new novel. Ruth Patchett, a woman of unsightly appearance, loses her husband Bobbo to a fetching romantic novelist named Mary Fisher. In this commonplace event lies the seed of a spectacular purpose conceived by Ruth. The worm not only turns, but turns itself into a snake-in-the-grass, as far as Bobbo and Mary Fisher are concerned. And this is only the prelude to a far more exorbitant transformation.

The novel begins in characteristic Weldon fashion: "Mary Fisher lives in a High Tower, on the edge of the sea: she writes a great deal about the nature of love. She tells lies." True: the popular novelist, in the interests of prettification, pretends to her readership, and to herself, that things are not as they are. For this she is blamed, and suffers. Poor Mary Fisher, in whom every feminine asset is embodied, down to pearly fingernails, is soon forced to acknowledge to herself the dismal nature of reality, as a consequence of certain actions taken by misnamed Ruth. Ruth, the uncherished wife, is the mischief-maker, whose machinations underscore the author's flair for picturesque malice. "Mary Fisher, I hope that tonight you are eating tinned red salmon and the tin has blown and you get botulin poisoning... I wish thrush on Mary Fisher, just to be getting on with."

This is a comic and contemporary rendering of a traditional female outcry (there's an anonymous Gaelic song, probably eighteenth-century, which contains the refrain: "May you break your legs and your bones/May you break your bones, Páidín's wife" - the wife in this case being the favoured contestant in the battle to win the affection of some pizazzed male). Discarded wives, to be sure, loom large in Weldon's fiction, and she often sketches out a bleak little comedy of continuous displacement, with each domestic usurper being ousted in her turn. The last laugh is generally with the first wife. True to form, a wheel of this type comes full circle in the current novel, but it is more audacious and striking in design than anything that has gone before.

## The kibbutz of desire

Nicholas Rankin

JULIO CORTÁZAR  
We Love Glenda So Much and other tales  
Translated by Gregory Rabassa  
145pp. Collins/Harvill. £6.95.  
000 2719053

Julio Cortázar has described his tales as "eruptions of the fantastic" or "the representations of unthinkable events within an everyday context". In style, there are occasional echoes of Borges, as in a phrase such as "the atrocious innocence of a chameleon", but Cortázar is most like his mentor in his notion of "figures": the sudden pattern which is revealed to the narrator as the arcane ordering of reality. The ten stories in this book, excellently translated by Gregory Rabassa, are grouped in three sections, of which the last quarter strike deepest. "Text in a Notebook" shares with an earlier story, "Manuscript in a Pocket", an obsession with the metro (Buenos Aires this time, not Paris). It is a well-observed gem of plausible paranoia, drawing the oddballs and loners seen in the tube into a hellish plot to take over the subway system.

Cortázar, like Borges, has read Poe, Kafka and Lovecraft (and *all* as well as Robert Louis Stevenson). "Stories I Tell Myself" (when I'm alone) takes a leaf from Stevenson's *A Child's Dream*, going beyond lycerism to the perception of writing as "controlled" hallucination. The narrator/author describes himself as "Walter Mitty and his Jekyll and Hyde side". Anglo-Saxon literature has of course made inroads on his imagination, and the stories are filled with allusions to Anglo-American literature.

Weldon's greatest disapproval, again characteristically, is reserved for Bobbo, the shadowy husband (the name surely makes a manikin of him), another expert in self-deceit, with an appropriate platitude for every act of betrayal: "True love isn't possessive," he explained to her. "It is bland Bobbo who calls his wife a she-devil, in a moment of temper, and thereby opens the way for her decline from wifely, and even human, standards of behaviour. Ruth burns the house down, making sure that the insurance company won't pay up."

Ruth's odyssey starts here, with a whiff of smoke hanging suggestively around her (it puts one character in mind of hell-fire). We follow her through the range of occupations available to large and lumbering females: businesswoman, housekeeper, nurse, warden, inmate of a feminist commune. She has risen out of the ash, like Plath's Lady Lazarus, as formidable as Baba Yaga and as dangerous as a Gorgon. It costs Ruth little to foist her graceless children on Mary Fisher.

The novelist in her high tower, purveyor of romantic untruths, is a fairy-tale heroine who, in this inverted fairy tale, loses out to the ill-wisher on the sidelines. Weldon boldly makes a case for the wicked schemer. Ruth, you could say, is an ugly sister with the determination to become Cinderella, even to the extent of chopping off bits of herself to fit into the requisite mould. She herself has a prettier blueprint for her eventual condition: Hans Anderson's little mermaid, who acquired legs instead of a tail, and felt, ever after, with every step, that she was stepping on knives.

The least decorative thing about this novel is its title, which is cumbersome and melodramatic; however, the narrative itself also occasionally lapses into melodrama, as the author departs from her habit of appraising heated feeling and serving it up cold. There's a moment, for example, when Ruth associates herself with the second coming: "Perhaps as Jesus did in his day for men, so I do now, for women"; and another when she declares, "I sing a hymn to the death of love." Weldon's truest tone is sardonic and impassive; you expect sharpness from her, not sincerity of this sort. But the whole undertaking is carried out with such dash and glitter, even if the author does go altogether too far at times in the effort to accommodate extremes of outrage and provocation, that complaint seems out of place. This is a revenge's comedy, of its nature elaborate and theatrical.

bookish way and as if all ready for an equally imaginary press."

The fantastic is not just escapism for Cortázar: his art also confronts the atrocities of history. Darker strains of Eros and Thanatos (previously explored in his 1973 novel *Libro de Manuel*) mark out two brave stories that more timid fantasists might flinch from.

"Press Clippings" is narrated by an Argentine woman writer living in Paris. She feels impotent rage, artistic frustration, on reading an authentic 1978 press cutting about Argentina's murderous "dirty war". Chance gives her the opportunity to exact her revenge on a sadist tied to his own squalid bed of pain: "how could I understand that I too, I too even though I thought I was on the high side, I too, how could I accept that I too there on the other side from the cut-off hands and the common graves, I too on the other side...". The last story, "Mosses Strip", is about other fatal complications in "the kibbutz of desire", and is perhaps the most harrowing and haunting of all. The violent trauma of rapist Robert and victim Janet is only healed and resolved beyond physical death, where the story takes us. It is a hard story to bring off, and Cortázar succeeds.

Julio Cortázar is now seventy years old. He is primarily a novelist, author of the first great novel of the Latin American "boom", *Hopscotch* (1963), but his fantastic stories are also considerable, not least for their technique. His experimental prose draws on surrealism, collage, jazz and cinematic montage, and has been translated into other media. Antonioni's *Blow-Up* and Godard's *Weekend* both originally drew on Cortázar. *We Love Glenda So Much* shows him still in the form of a provocateur, provoking new ways of reading and writing.

## Singing the memory

Jill Neville

BARBARA HANRAHAN  
Kewpie Doll  
156pp. Chatto and Windus/Hogarth Press.  
£7.95 (paperback, £3.95).  
0701 27589

Freshness, and a light touch, are Barbara Hanrahan's particular gifts. *Kewpie Doll* is the old, old story of a lost Eden, set in the post-war suburbs of Adelaide before all the follies and mysteries were stamped out by the boring huff of 1960s architecture.

Anyone who has any experience of Australian cities will recall the wonderful oddness of suburban houses; their winding towers, magic casements and - outside in the street - even fiery groves forlorn (now called "nature strips"); not to speak of the old back-garden dunny invaded by creeper and fern and the inquisitive ant. Not a bad place to grow up in. And, for the narrator of this novel - introspective, obsessed with minutiae, a peeper at old photographs - a very heaven.

She resonates with mild melancholy and its delights (which fit her setting and her typical education - Keats, Tennyson, Shelley) because her father died when she was a baby and her mother will tell her very little about him. All she has is a photograph of him picking grapes, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his arm shiny. Thus eroticism and regret are fatally entangled. Her tendency to notice physical details, like her precocious nostalgia, seems to be a hunt for clues. But she tries hard to be ordinary, reading women's magazines, aiming for "feminine appeal".

Once, dazzlingly, a boy asks her out to the Show. Her mother walks with her to the corner of the street. Her best friend watches from a

dark verandah. "Carol whistled low again and called back 'Co-ee. My mother was a shadow across the street, leading me on..."

The boy buys her a kewpie doll, the kind of doll all girls once tried to become. She half-looks to be that stereotype of cuteness, but her odd, brooding presence goes stiff and dumb with the effort. She is just too strange.

Trains give way to buses. The funny old houses are pulled down. They move to a new suburb where "there wasn't any mystery; the treasures were telephones, washing machines, pressure cookers, stainless-steel sinks...". In this raw, new place her backward Great-Aunt Reece is stared at. Hanrahan's eye for detail is not always enchanting: "Reece was getting deaf. She made awful faces when my grandmother poked into her ear with a bobby pin. Rolled her eyes, screwed her mouth, muttered 'Holy Moses', as the wax lumps came out. She wouldn't put her bottom teeth in, her belly rattled. She was older than my mother, but she stayed a child."

But now they have an inside lavatory and a candlewick bedspread. Boys at last start asking the wallflower to dance, but she knows there's only one way out - to England. For "Deep inside me is the strange feeling about art. Something I was given. I must protect it, shelter it, keep it alive." She is an artist whose exquisite obsessional pictures skate just this side of sentimentality; much like this book.

Girls like her, from Katherine Mansfield to Christina Stead, always used to end up crossing the great water, carrying their sensibilities and their suitcases, to where eccentricity can hide or wonderfully flourish. "It is something I must do; something pushing me on." But the call of her Australian roots will reclaim her, of course; the singing immediacy of her memories makes us sure of that. It is a slight song, but insistent.

## Courtship conga

Jim Crace

JAMES WILCOX  
Modern Baptists  
239pp. Secker and Warburg. £7.95.  
0436 57098 X

James Wilcox, dislocated from his home state of Louisiana by several years as a student at Yale and then as a publisher's editor in New York, has not been kind to Dixie. On the evidence of his knockabout first novel, *Modern Baptists*, his exile from the South has blunted his fondness for the home patch (and, in particular, that isolated rhombus of Louisiana to the east of the Mississippi between Bogalusa and Baton Rouge) and replaced it with an amused, Yankee disdain.

The *Tula Springs of Modern Baptists* is an invention (based on Ponchatoula?), an absurdly subdued town, situated between a cressonate plant and a toxic waste dump. Its landscape of shotgun cabins, plaster mansions, cyclone fencing, pecan nut trees and crab grass is complemented by a population of chirproprators, cinema usherettes and turkey vultures. Highlights in the social calendar are the Baptist bible class and the annual amateur opera at the Black Angus Coliseum. "Tula Springs is no bargain... What's there to do here? Nothing 'cept work your butt off, then go home and get soggy." Wilcox is not homesick.

His expatriate view presents the good of boys not as free-ranging "Kings" in the Huey P. Long tradition but as emotional paupers, low-achievers in a state where success is measured in wedding rings. "Just because a person's not married is no reason to think he's a common criminal", protests Bobby Pickens, the main figure in *Modern Baptists* ("leading character" is hardly the phrase). "Lots of foreign people were never married like the man who invented penicillin [sic] out of stale bread." Warren Beatty, Isaiah, Hamlet, etc.? Bobby, the fat and bashful assistant manager of the Sonny Boy Bargain Store, has an itchy, malignant mole, a hinge of hair fixed across his balding head, and, as his fortieth birthday draws closer, receding matrimonial prospects. Wilcox has placed him at the lower end of a predator-prey chain, with a lumpy Burma L. Steele (Colquhoun) as Bobby's headstrong kina-

ny counter-assistant Toinette Ouaid who has for Bobby's parasitic half-brother, the handsome, coke-snorting F.X., who falls for lawyer and bleeding heart, Donna Lee Keely. Her mission is to combat Southern values on a diet of bran and oak straw tea.

Wilcox's plot is an inventive courtship conga, a high and low farce that takes in social satire and broad buffoonery (including the strategic dropping of shorts). *Modern Baptists* was clearly fun to write and, because James Wilcox has a sophisticated control of comic pace, his humour the chill of home truth, and his sagacity at the expense of small-town America are rarely off-target. It is also fun to read. But the title suggests that the author's intentions were more than merely comic, and that the novel's solemn theme was the crippling and narrow puritanism of the Southern Baptists, which pervades Tula Springs like a nerve gas. Bobby Pickens covers the notion of a new, low church for "modern Baptists, Baptists who were sick to death of hell and sin being stuffed down their pants every Sunday". In Bobby's church the meaning of the Holy Books would be negotiable, the clergy would be pragmatists, and "if you bit forty and were still single, you'd be eligible for adultery not being a sin, as long as no children's feelings got hurt and it was kept very discreet". In fact *Modern Baptists* comes close to being a demanding comic critique of Louisiana, but the theme is too swiftly submerged and lost to Wilcox's Yankee predilection for poking fun.

Peter Vansittart's novel *The Tolmanen*, first published in 1959, has now been reissued (224pp. Peter Owen. £8.95. 07206 06160). Vansittart has been called "the best English historical novelist now writing"; this novel is set in an imaginary French Duchy towards the end of the fifteenth century. The *TLS* reviewer wrote, "The prose is marvellous, and pleasing to the ear, also smooth, literate, and pleasing to the eye. The Duke is so godlike that he must stand motionless at midday to encourage the sun to keep in its course; his court is more splendid than even Burgundy could afford... All this is not with a keen sensuous delight in the pageantry of the fifteenth century, when significant ceremonial mingled with Renaissance allegory."

Everything is a good deal larger than life. The Duke is so godlike that he must stand motionless at midday to encourage the sun to keep in its course; his court is more splendid than even Burgundy could afford... All this is not with a keen sensuous delight in the pageantry of the fifteenth century, when significant ceremonial mingled with Renaissance allegory."

## Wise Child

David Montrose

CYNTHIA OZICK  
The Cannibal Galaxy  
160pp. Secker and Warburg. £7.95.  
0436 35483 7

In astronomy, a cannibal galaxy is a mass of primordial gases that engulfs a smaller galaxy. Once engulfed, the victim continues to rotate within the cannibal, which itself remains motionless. In Cynthia Ozick's novel, the term serves as a metaphor for the educational system; specifically, the system operated by the Jewish elementary school in the American Midwest founded by Principal Joseph Brill as the instrument of his Dual Curriculum. Brill, who emigrated to America from France shortly after the war, conceived the Curriculum, which combines "the Treasures of Western Culture" and "the Priceless Legacy of Scripture and Commentaries", while hiding out from the Nazis during the time of the Vichy government. Obsessed by genius, he has for three decades searched among his pupils for an "uncommon" child. To no avail: "Even the brightest were ordinary." Finally, he is shown that his school is inimical to the flowering of real talent. An eminent philosopher, Hester Lili, enrolls her daughter, Brill hopes that the child, Beulah, will prove to possess qualities comparable to her mother's. But, as time passes, he can discern only dullness. Years later, his impatience is exposed: in Paris, Beulah emerges as a painter, quickly gaining international renown. From interviews, it is apparent that Brill's Dual Curriculum exerted no influence whatsoever on her development.

Ozick has so far published only one novel - *Trust*, in 1966 - and is known chiefly for her inventive stories and novellas. More conventional in style and subject-matter than her shorter fiction, and featuring little of its distinctive humour, *The Cannibal Galaxy* is a polemic rather than an entertainment. Ozick portrays Brill's school with the trenchancy of a Paul Goodman or an Ivan Illich. Teachers mislead their pupils, taking aggressiveness for intelligence, thoughtfulness for stupidity; pupils are conditioned by their teachers' flawed notions of education. Mr Gorechak, for instance, requires only that they score high marks in his tests through memorizing fact-sheets. Mrs Sepienholi that they contribute loud and long during "class participation". Brill is aware of the school's shortcomings, but prefers to keep his teachers happy rather than improve matters. An indication of his inadequate leadership is that he assesses teachers primarily on their ability to arrive on time in the morning and to maintain classroom discipline. By the time Brill realizes his errors, he is due to retire and hand over to Gorechak. Too late for changes. As a small act of atonement, he arranges for the introduction of a school prize recognizing creative potential, to be awarded irrespective of class position.

For all its vigour, Ozick's attack is rather blunted by her decision to place an exceptional child in the forefront of the novel. Beulah's treatment at the school is implicitly contrasted with that received by Brill's son, Naphtali. Brill uses his position to ensure that no teacher constrains Naphtali's creativity: he is to be given his head. According to the school's criteria, Naphtali turns out a success, but Brill perceives his mediocrity. Clearly, every pupil deserves Naphtali's advantages, and no doubt, through the standard treatment, many have become victims of the cannibal galaxy, adjusting themselves to its suffocating boundaries. But Beulah, it is expressly stated, is no such victim. Far from being engulfed by the cannibal galaxy, she escapes it completely. A case of talent destroyed or thwarted would have better suited Ozick's purpose. Another suspicion is that the novel might have worked more effectively as a novella. Extraneous episodes are few, but the impression throughout is that more might have been chipped from the marble. This is especially true of the slow opening, which deals mainly with Brill's life in France. These shortcomings make *The Cannibal Galaxy* no less interesting, merely a work of energy might have been more efficiently executed.

The *Proceedings* makes stimulating reading. Who needs to know that besides being the father of Dudley Trevor Tennant, a sculptor, C. Dudley Tennant (active 1898-1918) was a "painter and illustrator in full colour, halftone and black and white" and that "his work was typical of its period"? This, it appears, is the only information available on the man who illustrated Gilbert Barnett's *VCs and the Air* (1918), Ladbroke Black's *Old Mother Hubbard* (1916), Percy Westernman's *To the Fore with the Tanks* (1918). Oh, yes, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Poems of Passion and Pleasure* (1912).

## Suiting action to word

William Feaver

BRIGID PEPPIN AND LUCY MICKLETHWAIT  
Dictionary of British Book Illustrators: The Twentieth Century  
336pp. John Murray. £30.  
07195 39854

Who needs to know that besides being the father of Dudley Trevor Tennant, a sculptor, C. Dudley Tennant (active 1898-1918) was a "painter and illustrator in full colour, halftone and black and white" and that "his work was typical of its period"? This, it appears, is the only information available on the man who illustrated Gilbert Barnett's *VCs and the Air* (1918), Ladbroke Black's *Old Mother Hubbard* (1916), Percy Westernman's *To the Fore with the Tanks* (1918). Oh, yes, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Poems of Passion and Pleasure* (1912).

Artist-illustrators such as Edward Bawden and John Nash are more easily logged than humble annual-fillers. There's more to them, more to go on, more genuine idiosyncrasy. Artist-author-illustrators (Mervyn Peake, Arthur Eric Rowton Gill) are even better value. Brigid Peppin and Lucy Micklethwait tend to pad out entries with details of stylistic traits ("characteristically 1960", "considerable élan"). In this context Gill's "celebration - in drawing, engraving, sculpture and writing - of the sensual and erotic qualities of nudity" is strong stuff. The Ditching Shocker has nothing in common with, for example, Eileen Soper who, while "deriving much of her subject matter from her father's garden in Hertfordshire", achieved lasting renown as the plucky illustrator of Blyton's twenty-one-volume "Famous Five" cycle. Peppin and Micklethwait make no mention, however, of Miss Soper's exemplary handling of sticky buds and George's (see Georgina) unruly curls.

The dictionary's appeal must rest on its comprehensive scope: everyone from Edward Gordon Craig and H. M. Brock to Wyndham Lewis ("a decisive draughtsman") and John Patrick Campbell, who "occasionally worked as Seagham MacCathmhaoil" - though not when illustrating Angela Brazil. There are illogical omissions. Why include Frank Hampson, the creator of Dan Dare, yet not Frank Bellamy, who perfected the space ace? Why

with much really useful matter in it.

Nicolas Barker

TERRY BELANGER (Editor)  
Proceedings of the Fine Printing Conference at Columbia University, 19-22 May 1982  
131pp. New York: School of Library Science, Columbia University. \$10.

"Fine Printing" since the Second World War has been apt to become a byword for preciousity. The last of the "great" private presses, it is held, was the Ashendene Press, and since then private fine printers, with a few honourable exceptions, have been self-regarding amateurs, their products slight and undistinguished in design and execution. In fact, it was the market that had collapsed, not the printers; good work was being done, often in isolation. But over the last dozen years there has been a revolution. The suppression of industrial letterpress printing has created a new demand for fine hand-presswork, as evinced in the work of the Rampant Lions Press, the Whittington Press and Ian Mortimer in Britain, and the Anvil, Arion, Bird and Bull, Poltroon, Greenwood and Spiral Presses (to mention but a few) in the United States.

It was a good idea, then, to summon together, at a Fine Printing Conference at Columbia, not only a number of the major practitioners, but representatives of their suppliers, and manufacturers of paper, ink and type, and bookbinders to discuss matters of mutual interest. All the participants are, by nature, individuals, with strong and articulate views on what they do. The discussions were in consequence lively and informed with an occasional edge of controversy, tempered by humour. The *Proceedings* makes stimulating reading.

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Christine Alexander's *Bibliography of the Manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë* (Haworth: Brontë Society. £12. 0 9505829 1 3) provides a complete list of the extant documents, excluding the letters. Nearly five hundred entries deal with everything from the minute volumes of juvenilia to the manuscripts of the major novels, and they include material known to exist but unavailable for study, and some documents of doubtful authenticity whose standing is briefly discussed. An introduction covers the history and provenance of the manuscripts, with which T. J. Wise was at one time much involved.  
Students of medieval history will welcome the translation into English by David Heimann and Richard Kay of the introduction to Capelli's *Lexicon abbreviatorum*, now published on its own under the title *The elements of abbreviation in medieval Latin palaeography* (52pp. Lawrence: University of Kansas Library). The translation is from the third edition (Milan, 1929), and there are two additions: a brief historical preface, and a decimalized reference system for easier consultation of paragraphs in the essay itself. For those unable to read the original Italian it will form an invaluable companion to the *Lexicon*, which remains in print and available from Hoepli in Milan.  
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